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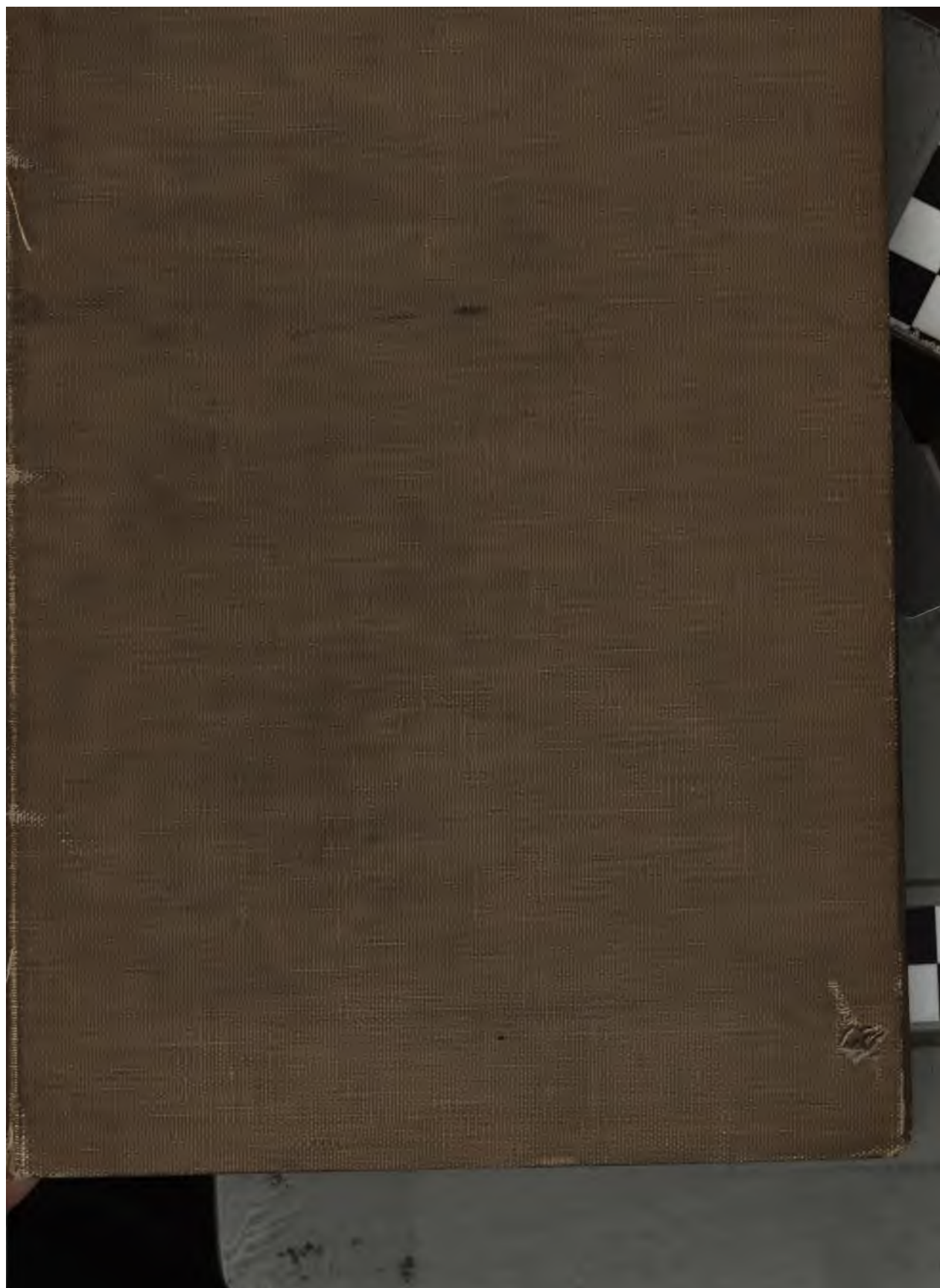
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ANNALS

OF

Old Home Week

OF

AUGUST 17-21



—1901—



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ANNALS  
OF  
OLD HOME WEEK

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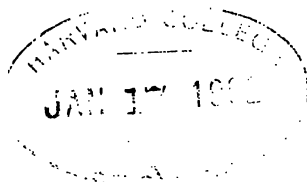


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J. H. Treat

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

|  | PAGE.  |
|--|--------|
| ANNALS OF OLD HOME WEEK . . . . .                        | 7      |
| BRILLIANT INAUGURATION . . . . .                         | 9      |
| RELIGIOUS SERVICES . . . . .                             | 9      |
| ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE O. WIGGIN . . . . .               | 10     |
| SUNDAY EVENING . . . . .                                 | 19     |
| ADDRESS OF H. PORTER SMITH . . . . .                     | 20, 98 |
| MONDAY . . . . .   | 22     |
| TUESDAY . . . . .  | 23     |
| WEDNESDAY . . . . .                                      | 24     |
| ADDRESS OF HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE . . . . .                | 28, 61 |
| ADDRESS OF JOSIAH CARPENTER . . . . .                    | 29     |
| ADDRESS OF FRANK D. HUTCHINS . . . . .                   | 30     |
| ADDRESS OF FRANK E. RANDALL . . . . .                    | 31     |
| PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS . . . . .                       | 33     |
| ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM . . . . .               | 35     |
| LETTER FROM BISHOP WILLIAM W. NILES . . . . .            | 45     |
| DEDICATION POEM . . . . .                                | 46     |
| ADDRESS OF PROF. JAMES W. WEBSTER . . . . .              | 49     |
| ADDRESS OF S. J. WINSLOW, ESQ. . . . .                   | 52, 77 |
| ADDRESS OF DR. EDGAR L. CARR . . . . .                   | 53     |
| THE BANQUET . . . . .                                    | 59     |
| WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON . . . . .                            | 60     |
| ADDRESS OF HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER . . . . .             | 62     |
| POEM—"OLD HOME DAY" . . . . .                            | 74     |
| ADDRESS OF JOHN K. BERRY, ESQ. . . . .                   | 87     |
| ADDRESS OF ELIPHALET FRENCH PHILBRICK, ESQ. . . . .      | 90     |
| ADDRESS OF HENRY NORRIS HURD, ESQ. . . . .               | 93     |
| ODE . . . . .  | 95     |
| ADDRESS OF MR. A. E. SPROUL . . . . .                    | 96     |
| MEETING OF PITTSFIELD ACADEMY ALUMNI . . . . .           | 98     |
| HISTORICAL SKETCH . . . . .                              | 99     |
| ADDRESS OF HON. C. A. BUNKER . . . . .                   | 100    |
| POEM—"SCHOOL DAYS" . . . . .                             | 109    |
| ADDRESS OF PROF. CHARLES E. SARGENT . . . . .            | 110    |
| LETTERS FROM ABSENT MEMBERS OF ALUMNI . . . . .          | 115    |
| RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY BOARD OF ADMINISTRATION . . . . . | 119    |



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

|   | PAGE.               |
|---|---------------------|
| JOSIAH CARPENTER LIBRARY BUILDING . . . . . | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| WILLIAM P. ADAMS . . . . .                  | 8                   |
| REV. GEO. O. WIGGIN . . . . .               | 10                  |
| DR. FRANK H. SARGENT . . . . .              | 12                  |
| REV. E. W. RICKER . . . . .                 | 14                  |
| FREE BAPTIST CHURCH . . . . .               | 16                  |
| CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH . . . . .             | 19                  |
| REV. GEORGE E. LOVEJOY . . . . .            | 20                  |
| E. A. LANE . . . . .                        | 22                  |
| NATHANIEL M. BATCHELDER . . . . .           | 24                  |
| HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE . . . . .              | 27                  |
| MR. AND MRS. JOSIAH CARPENTER . . . . .     | 29                  |
| FRANK D. HUTCHINS . . . . .                 | 30                  |
| FRANK E. RANDALL . . . . .                  | 32                  |
| FRANK D. OSGOOD . . . . .                   | 34                  |
| HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM . . . . .             | 36                  |
| MRS. MARY H. WHEELER . . . . .              | 46                  |
| MRS. CHARLES CARPENTER GOSS . . . . .       | 48                  |
| PROF. JAMES W. WEBSTER . . . . .            | 50                  |
| DR. EDGAR L. CARR . . . . .                 | 53                  |
| NATHANIEL S. DRAKE . . . . .                | 54                  |
| SCENE AT THE BANQUET . . . . .              | 59                  |
| REV. EDMUND A. BURNHAM . . . . .            | 60                  |
| HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER . . . . .           | 62                  |
| MRS. HATTIE F. T. FOLSOM . . . . .          | 74                  |
| SHERBURNE J. WINSLOW . . . . .              | 77                  |
| JOHN K. BERRY . . . . .                     | 87                  |
| ELIPHALET FRENCH PHILBRICK . . . . .        | 90                  |
| HENRY NORRIS HURD . . . . .                 | 93                  |
| A. E. SPROUL . . . . .                      | 96                  |
| REV. J. N. STUDLEY . . . . .                | 98                  |
| HON. C. A. BUNKER . . . . .                 | 100                 |
| MRS. NELLIE WINSLOW SARGENT . . . . .       | 106                 |
| MRS. MARY ABBIE BROOKS . . . . .            | 109                 |
| PROF. CHARLES E. SARGENT . . . . .          | 110                 |





## ANNALS OF OLD HOME WEEK.

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A DISTINGUISHED chief executive of one of our New England states remarked on a certain anniversary, "An event is not so much that which has happened as it is something that causes something else to happen." This may be found verified in many of the occasions which were originally designed as festive or jubilant, but whose outgrowth has been prolific of much that has proved to be of incalculable worth to individuals who have participated in them, or to the communities in which the events have transpired.

As an event in the history of the town of Pittsfield, its observance of Old Home Week abounded in enthusiasm and festal joy; but as a beneficent agency for deepening the affection of the people for that sacred institution—home—and promoting a loyal attachment for the township itself, the occurrences between August 17 and 21 will cause much more to happen than was at first anticipated, or than can be set forth in the annals of that celebration.

It might have seemed to some that the good old town was somewhat tardy in falling into line with other towns in observing this unique anniversary set in motion by ex-Governor Rollins, but the heartiness which characterized the spirit of the people in executing the details of the occasion, proved clearly that there was no indifference cherished toward an anniversary that had become so popular throughout the state in the observances of the two previous years.

The initial steps toward such a celebration were taken on the evening of April 5, when, in response to postal invitations, a goodly company of the citizens of Pittsfield assembled in the Opera House, and, after learning the object of the meeting, very unanimously voted to form an organization to carry into

effect plans for the annual observance of Old Home Week. A simple constitution was adopted and a board of officers chosen of which Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle was made president, S. J. Winslow, Frank H. Sargent, Nathaniel S. Drake, and William P. Adams, vice-presidents, with Rev. G. E. Lovejoy as secretary, and Edward A. Lane, Esq., treasurer. Besides these there was elected an executive committee of five, consisting of Dr. Edgar L. Carr, Henry W. Osgood, M. H. Nutter, John T. Harvey, and Henry E. Drake,—all of the foregoing constituting a board of administration.

Within a few weeks of the time of its organization steps were taken for the observance of Old Home Week. To enthuse the people of the community with the spirit of such an occasion a rally was held in the Opera House on the evening of May 22, at which an address was delivered by Hon. George A. Marden of Boston. Brief speeches followed from quite a number of the citizens of the town. Stirring instrumental and vocal music served to make the meeting of special interest, and many who came to be entertained went away animated with a purpose to unite their efforts with others in making the proposed celebration an event worthy of the high ideal of its designer.

Shortly after this rally the Board of Administration met and appointed committees to carry out the plans of the association. These, at first, seemed to not a few as being too elaborate and involving more outlay than the community was equal to, but as the time drew nearer the interest of the people grew more ardent, so that when Old Home Week dawned there was no lack of enthusiasm or means to carry out every detail of the observance.

The Committee on Invitations, by the great thoughtfulness and painstaking of its chairman, William P. Adams, ascertained the addresses of nearly one thousand of the sons and daughters of Pittsfield, and former residents, scattered over the country from Maine to California, and to these letters were sent soliciting their return and participation in the festivities of Old Home Week. The responses, in person and



MR. WILLIAM P. ADAMS.



by letter, revealed that deep attachment for the scenes of childhood which changes of time had not effaced from the hearts of a goodly number of those to whom this beautiful township in the Suncook valley has been "the dearest spot on earth."

#### A BRILLIANT INAUGURATION.

The grand anniversary began on Saturday evening, the 17th, when one of the most inspiring illuminations took place that has ever been witnessed in the village. This was ushered in by a monster beacon fire on Catamount mountain and companion fires on the prominent hilltops surrounding the town. But fully an hour before any artificial illumination occurred, nature gave one of her most gorgeous introductions in a sunset glory that set the firmament aglow with a sheen of brightest crimson extending from the western horizon to the upper zenith. This magnificent and thrilling splendor, surpassing all that human mind could conceive of, was taken by not a few as an omen that from first to last the God of nature would smile upon this undertaking to exalt the worth of home and its divinely ordained associations.

At 8 o'clock, simultaneously with the igniting of the beacon fires, over five hundred red-fire torches, known as "owl lights," were lighted by the residents of the town, while fireworks were set off in many parts of the village. The entire illumination of the town, as seen from the surrounding hills, was the most beautiful spectacle of the kind ever observed in this community.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Not by any means the least important in the mind of the founder of Old Home Week have been its religious features, when the church and its sacred influences have been duly exalted. And to those who were present at the two union services on Sunday, the 18th, there was a deepening of that pious regard which has made the old home church a revered and sacred institution.

The first of these union services was held in the forenoon at 10.45 in the house of worship of the Free Baptist Church, that being the oldest church edifice in the town. The audience room was packed to the doors and overflowed into the chapel. The exercises were in charge of the pastor, the Rev. E. W. Ricker, the other ministers of the town and visiting clergymen assisting in the devotional service. Especial care and excellent judgment had been manifested in the arrangement of the music for the occasion by Mr. John S. Rand, who, with his fine chorus choir of twenty-five voices, provided selections that were as thrilling as they were appropriate.

Of the five sons of Pittsfield who are in the active ministry two were present as speakers at the morning service. The first of these was the Rev. George O. Wigin of Hampton, N. H., who was not only born in Pittsfield upon one of its most glorious hilltops, but the foundation for whose intellectual, moral, and religious character was laid in that house on the side of Catamount. The high regard and ardent attachment which he cherished for this place of his nativity will be traced in his address here reproduced:

### ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE O. WIGIN.

It gives me great pleasure to have a part in the Old Home Week celebrations of my native town. I regard it as a happy thought upon the part of ex-Governor Rollins to have started this movement, which seems to be gaining so rapidly throughout the state. It is a movement which tends to cement home ties, and honors the good influences of a pure home life. I wish to take this opportunity to thank the committee for the invitation extended to me to come back to the old home and take a part in these Sunday services.

Divine truth is revealed to us, not only through the instrumentality of the written Word, but also through our surroundings in nature, through history, and through individual characters and lives. The God in nature and history and personality is the same as the God in revelation. Today, instead of listening to sermons from Bible texts, you are asked to look



REV. GEORGE O. WIGGIN.





for the evidences of the hand of God in religious movements in this section, and in the way individuals have been used to advance the highest interests of the community at large, and how he has blessed the home as an agency in making noble character. The religious element of a community is vitally connected with its prosperity. The towns of our state and nation that have really amounted to much are those in which prominence has been given to the church and other religious institutions. The work that this town has done in molding noble character and making good and useful citizens has been very largely due to the churches which have been planted here and have been quietly exerting their influence for more than a hundred years. But for these churches you would have had no town fit to make homes in, and the influence of the place would scarcely have been tolerable to decent citizens. The town that fails to support the cause of religion will soon have a community that is not worth supporting. I happen to represent a religious body that was first on the ground in this town. Down in the eastern part of the state, within a few miles of where I now reside, in what was known as the town of Hampton Falls, now Seabrook, there was born about one hundred and sixty years ago a boy who was named David Knowlton. I do not know that he was particularly precocious as a boy. He was of humble parentage, and, being in a comparatively new settlement, was obliged to endure many hardships and discomforts, but this boy was destined in the providence of God to play an important part in the early religious history of your town and mine. In the year 1775, the people of Hampton Falls, becoming quite numerous, had begun to go inland and form new settlements. In this year John Cram, a neighbor of David Knowlton, came to Pittsfield and settled here. This led to David's coming up to inspect the land. There is in this town, as you all know, a beautiful elevation known as Catamount mountain. This spot favorably impressed the critical mind of this explorer, and he resolved to go up and possess it. There were giants there, but they were of oak and pine and hemlock, and he deemed himself as

entirely able to overcome them. But there is a tradition which says that after he had felled the first tree he sat down on the stump to consider whether he should proceed with the undertaking or go back to the home of his childhood. His was a nature that was not daunted by the thought of hardship, solitude, or sacrifice, and so he proceeded to clear the land and prepare for himself a home. Here he soon moved his family. Whether he was a converted man or not when he came to town I do not know, but he must have become a Christian soon after, for we find him identified with that new religious movement that was sweeping over this section of the country, headed by Benjamin Randall, the founder of the Free Baptist denomination. Randall's church was on New Durham ridge, but in the neighboring town of New Durham, including Pittsfield, were organized branch meetings of this church. With one of these branch meetings David Knowlton was first associated, and was evidently regarded as a leading spirit. In 1791 this little company of believers became a church. The church consisted of eight members, of which David Knowlton was one. The meeting-house was first located at the four corners, on the farm which afterward belonged to my father. The structure has been described as small, low, with but few windows, and very plain, but here on the Lord's day the people gathered from all directions, dressed in their homespun, to listen to the sweet message of the gospel. The place where the old church was built is to me a sacred spot. Many times as we have mown the grass or tilled the soil around the old foundation stones of this building we have felt the force of that Scripture, originally addressed to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

In 1795, at the June session of the Yearly Meeting, David Knowlton, the Seabrook boy, was ordained to the gospel ministry in that little church on the hill. John Buzzell preached the sermon, from the text, "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." Benjamin Randall offered the ordaining



DR. FRANK H. SARGENT.



prayer. Here Brother Knowlton preached and labored for nearly twenty years. He has been described as being tall, and of grave but pleasant countenance. In public address he spoke sound doctrine with decision and authority, mingled at times with a tenderness and affection peculiarly winning.

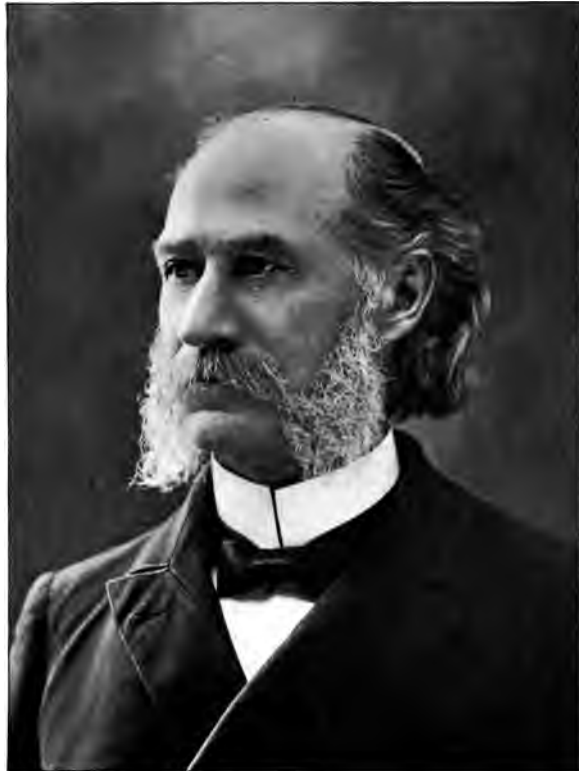
One of the best things that David Knowlton did, perhaps the best, was to raise up two boys, David Knowlton, Jr., and Ebenezer Knowlton, who both entered the Free Baptist ministry. In 1798 David Knowlton, Jr., was baptized and joined the old church. Soon he heard the voice of God calling him to walk in the footsteps of his father, and he began to preach in the town of Barnstead, but his constitution soon gave way, and he went back to his mountain home, where he died in 1808. He is said to have been the second among Free Baptist ministers to cross over the river. His funeral was attended by about one thousand people. He is buried in the little yard, which has been left to a shameful neglect, up on the old farm. As I have looked at the simple slab of slate stone that marks the place of his burial and read the inscription, grown dim by the lapse of many years, I have thought that such illustrious persons as he and his father deserve a more fitting memorial than that which now marks their resting-place.

Ebenezer Knowlton followed his father in caring for the old church, taking charge about 1805 and continuing with some interruptions until 1828, when he removed with his family to the state of Maine. He is described as a strong man who preached the truth with exceptional power. It is recorded that at a Quarterly Meeting in Meredith he preached with such force that as a result one hundred and thirty were baptized.

There was born to Ebenezer Knowlton in his mountain home a son, who was also named Ebenezer, who, though moving from town when about thirteen years of age, became a man whom Pittsfield should regard it as an honor to have produced. Converted at the age of seventeen, he spent his early life in teaching. He was sent to the house of repre-

sentatives in Maine, where he was elected speaker, and on the same day, so says his biographer, he decided to preach the gospel. In 1854 he was elected to congress, and could have been re-elected four years later, but declined in order to devote himself more completely to the work of the ministry. When he accepted the nomination to congress, he informed the convention that nominated him that, if elected, he should go to congress as a Christian minister devoted to the interests of humanity, that he should allow no allegiance to any clique or party in any way to interfere with a strict adherence to freedom, country, and God. In 1869 he was offered the nomination of governor of Maine, but declined in spite of strong pressure. In a letter to a leading politician about this time were these words: "You urge me to be governor so as to enforce prohibition. I know that rum-selling is a crime, and grog-shops are a nuisance. A radical law with front teeth and grinders should be kept on the statute book and lived up to, but a correct moral sentiment among the people is the only means to secure this end. This moral sentiment grows only out of the gospel. The Christian ministry is the leading agency in spreading the gospel. So do let me alone, that what there is left of me may be devoted to the appropriate work of my profession. It is easier to find good and suitable material to make governors than to find good and suitable material to make ministers. I would rather see one young man in my congregation soundly converted to Christ than to have any office in the gift of man." The man who could utter and live up to such sentiments honored this town by his birth, and made old Catamount notable by his early life there.

I need not trace the history of the Knowlton church until the present time, for it would consume too much of your valuable time, and, besides this, it is better known to some of you than to myself. It was moved from the hill to another spot farther north, and finally to this place, from which has grown the strong, united, useful body you are today. From this movement, begun on Catamount, scores and hundred of lives have been blessed, and the town itself has been greatly en-



REV. E. W. RICKER.





riched by its influence. I might name some of the men who have faithfully served the church, and who have been providentially identified with the religious interest of the town. Within my own memory there was Hosea Quimby, Stockman, Hill, Osgood, Eastman, and others of more recent date. My own connection with the church was made about twenty-two years ago in the pastorate of J. C. Osgood.

It was my good fortune to be born near the spot where the first church was built, where I could literally look down upon you. That old home, humble as it was, is the dearest spot in town to me and one of the dearest in all the world. With reference to it I might use the language of that old sweet home song as originally written:

“’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.  
There’s a spell in the shade, where our infancy played,  
Even stronger than time and more deep than despair.”

I do not claim to have had an ideal home, but it was a place in which I found rest and encouragement, love and discipline and expansion. Perhaps we should differ with each other as to what constitutes an ideal home. To me an ideal home is a spot where one can get a little foretaste of heaven, a place where heavenly graces shine, where love and patience and gentleness and self-sacrifice abound, a refuge for the tired body and the weary heart, a place full of sunshine and gladness. Such a home need not be hung with tapestries or adorned with costly furnishings, but it must have the richer adornment of grace and cheerfulness, of love and piety. Nothing can take the place of practical piety in the making of effective homes. It is in the religious atmosphere that noblest characters are developed, and it is by Christian hearthstones that the strongest bulwark of a republic is made. Make the home attractive, restful, inspiring, and truly religious, and you put the nation in the way of highest prosperity. But make the home dark and uncomfortable and wicked, and you blight the fairest prospects of the republic.

Among the influences emanating from that old home which have had more or less to do in shaping my character and life, I wish briefly to mention three:

First. The surroundings. Some one has said that "An undevout astronomer is mad." With equal truth it may be said that an undevout mountaineer is mad. You villagers are pleased to drive over this mountain once in a while for the beautiful scenery that there opens up before you. I was born and reared amid this beautiful scenery. Nature has enriched this place without stint. No artificial adornments are needed here to make the place attractive, for God has put upon the spot the beautiful impress of His own hand. That the pure, invigorating air of this place, and the association with nature in her loveliness, did much toward my physical and spiritual health, I cannot doubt.

Second. The second influence that contributed much to my development was a home of practical piety. My parents were Christians. They were not eminent for their piety. They were not leaders in the religious life of the community. But they succeeded, I think, in spite of imperfections, in creating a healthy home atmosphere. One of the earliest memories of my life is connected with family prayer. After breakfast the family circle was formed, we read the Scriptures in turn, and then father commended us to the keeping of Him who notices even the fall of a sparrow.

Industry was one of the laws of my old home. Very early in life I was made acquainted with the meaning of hard labor, and while other boys were gunning, fishing, or loafing, I was at work. I can see the wisdom of this now. The boy who is given no responsibility, and who spends his hours idly either in the home or on the street, is not likely to develop the qualities that noble manhood is made of.

The discipline of my home was strict I thought, but perhaps none too much so for the healthy development of such a perverse nature as I had. Willful disobedience was punished. I have heard my father pleasantly remark that he attributed my call to the ministry to the punishings he gave me in my frac-



FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.



tious moments, and I did not argue with him to the contrary. If corporal punishment will develop character I wish I could have had more of it, and I would like to prescribe it for some perverse persons that I know, whom it seems impossible to move by moral influences.

Perhaps the strongest influence of my home life was that which emanated from a wise, gentle, pious mother. The mothers make the old homes dear after all. I dare say that the sweetest memory of your home life, my hearer, centers round the mother, whose ministry of love and kindness was so cheerfully and self-sacrificingly rendered. My mother was one of those gentle, self-denying Christians, whose lives are a benediction. She was hindered somewhat in the manifestations of her religious life; but the life was there, and it was deep and strong. I never heard her pray but a few times, but then it was like the opening of the flood gates. Her whole heart seemed to go out to God. Could I have heard such prayers daily I believe that I should have been a stronger and better man. The storms of several winters have played their solemn requiem above the graves of my parents, but their memory is cherished, and I am glad to honor them today with these public words of appreciation.

Third. A third influence which helped me much in my religious life is that which came from outside the home, such as the church, the Sunday school, and the interest of personal friends in my welfare. I remember with gratitude a personal conversation with a visiting clergyman, the influence of which I still feel. I think of the neighboring prayer-meeting and the personal interest of pastors and Sunday-school teachers. I met one of my early Sunday-school teachers in the city of Haverhill a few months ago in the person of Mrs. Dr. Ware. I told her that I was one of the restless urchins that helped to make up her Sunday-school class many years ago. In spite of pins and kicks and pinches from other boys I got good from her teaching. The trend given to the mind in the early years of life it will most likely follow.

I trust you will pardon these personal references. I speak of them, not in a spirit of self-glorying, but to illustrate the

**power of a pure home life** and a pure church life upon the **minds and hearts** of the young. These influences are seldom appreciated at the time, but they surely mold character and shape destiny.

But I must not forget that there have been other religious movements in town beside the one I represent, and that there are other speakers here who, like myself, are native to the soil of this town, and I gladly give way to them. Allow me in conclusion to express the hope that the Home Week upon which we have entered may not only tend to strengthen home ties, and refresh the memory with influences that are sacred, but remind us of another home, even the heavenly home, which should be held dearer than the earthly because infinitely richer in power to satisfy the heart, holding for us the spirits of beloved friends and relatives, divinely prepared, and forever glorious because of the presence of our Lord and Saviour. Our earthly homes are constantly changing. Our loved ones cannot long remain in them. The dear old spot will go into the hands of strangers, or be allowed to go back to forest. When the earthly home shall be wasted by the tooth of time, and when our early associations shall appear in dim outlines in memory's chamber, may we still be able to sing with confidence:

"My heavenly home is bright and fair;  
Nor pain nor death can enter there:  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine."

All about us on every hand may be seen today numerous evidences of the free and hearty welcome that the citizens of Pittsfield extend to her sons and daughters. In the church and home and on the street, the very air is filled with the spirit of "Welcome home." May the time come to each of us when from the portals of heavenly glory we shall be permitted to hear a still more joyous welcome; when angel lips shall carol forth to us "Welcome home," and when from the Divine Son of God we shall hear the most welcome of all words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."







CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

This address of her gifted son was listened to attentively, and its historical value was not only recognized by all present but will also prove instructive and inspiring to those who are permitted to be of the speaker's larger audience through a perusal of the discourse as it appears in these annals.

Rev. Ithamar W. Beard of New York city, who delivered the second address, although born in Pittsfield, spent so few of his early years in the community that he could not trace, as did the previous speaker, many of the influences that had shaped his career to his life in the place of his nativity. But his address, which was largely reminiscent in character, was a worthy tribute to some of the illustrious men who so greatly influenced the community during that period when the town was assuming importance as a manufacturing center. His own grandfather, Ithamar Beard, was the first agent of the Pittsfield Mills, and Moses Norris he regarded as a true statesman, of the type of Daniel Webster and John P. Hale. In those days, in Mr. Beard's judgment, statesmen were not as rare as they are at the present time. Now, we have plenty of politicians; then, statesmen were the product of these New Hampshire homes. As Mr. Beard's address was delivered wholly *ex tempore* a full report of it has not been obtainable, but it was fully up to the spirit of the occasion and was highly appreciated.

#### SUNDAY EVENING.

At 7 o'clock the second union service occurred in the Congregational Church, the pastor, the Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, directing the exercises. As at the previous service the musical selections were uplifting in tone and sentiment, every lover of good music being impressed with the superiority of the talent which Pittsfield was able to present from her own homes.

For the most part the addresses of the hour were voiced by laymen who had been identified with the religious life of the community in past and present times. The first speaker was H. Porter Smith of Cambridge, who, while not born in the town, had been long identified with it through his wife,

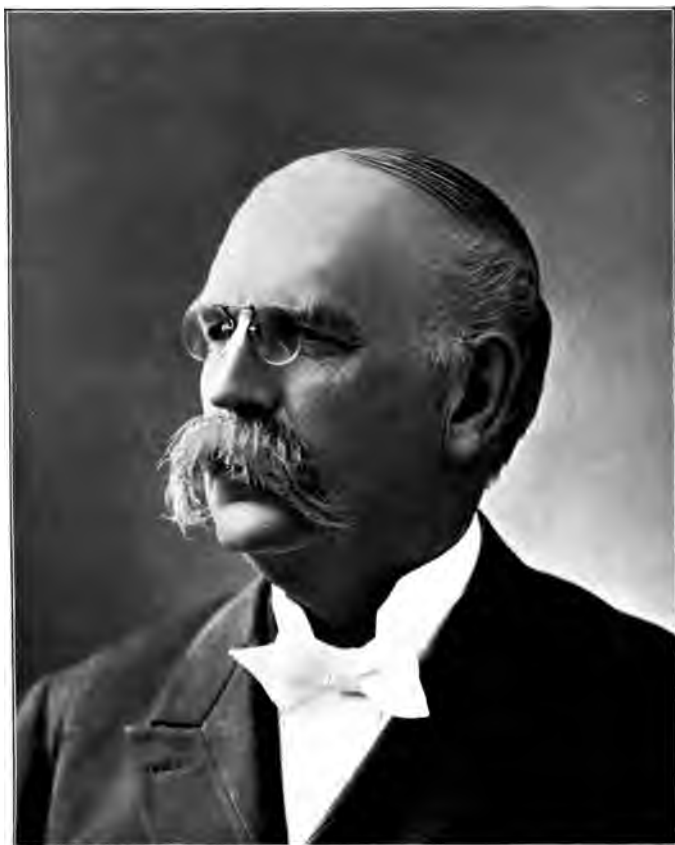
who came from one of its highly honored and influential families, that of Dr. Charles T. Berry. Mr. Smith spoke in part as follows:

### ADDRESS OF H. PORTER SMITH.

Referring to the chairman's allusion that he came to Pittsfield "berrying," Mr. Smith said the bush on which the Berry alluded to was found had been transplanted to Concord; it was there, not at Pittsfield, where he discovered it. The bush required some shaking before he got his pick, but he thought he had better luck in finding that bush than he ever had when out berrying.

He had been drilled for years in the genealogy of the Berry family, but he would much rather attempt to recite the genealogies of the New Testament than give the list from memory. Continuing he said: "The Berrys of Pittsfield were in the olden time a go-to-meeting people. Sixteen double loads of Berrys were counted at the junction of Main street and the Northwood road, one Sunday morning, on their way to church. Among the worthiest of this name was the late Nehemiah C. Berry. He was well known, honored, and loved. A lawyer in Boston, he kept the 'Old Homestead' on Catamount for his summer residence. During the week days of the summer months I often met him at the breakfast table in a Boston dining-room. One morning 'the squire,'—as we called him,—doubtless absorbed in some knotty law question and busily engaged with his breakfast, did not look up when I seated myself beside him. After some moments the waiter appeared, and I inquired if they had any Catamount blueberries. This gave the squire a shock. Dropping his knife and fork and looking up he said 'Catamount blueberries! Who's calling for Catamount blueberries here?' The laugh which followed scattered the weightier matters of the law, and we had our usual social meal.

"The scenes of our childhood are usually dearer to our hearts when 'fond recollection presents them to view' than when in the midst of them. One summer morning, years



REV. G. E. LOVEJOY.



ago, my junior was weeding the garden. I said, by way of encouragement, 'Charlie, how would you like to have me will you this farm?' 'I guess I could sell it,' was the prompt reply. Now that boy writes from a distant home, 'If I had sold the farm I should wish to buy it back again; I vote not to sell.' This sounds a good note for Old Home Week.

"The lovely views and the wonderful beauty of the landscape from the many hills which surround Pittsfield are not surpassed in this notable state of New Hampshire. There are no hills where 'joy and beauty' are more lavishly scattered, reminding one on a bright summer day of Charles Wesley's lines,—

"If Thou, in Thy great love for us,  
Hast scattered joy and beauty thus,  
O'er this dark world of ours;  
What nobler glory shall be given  
Hereafter, in the shining Heaven  
Set round with golden towers!"

Concerning our forests, Mr. Smith said: "Let us not rob our old mother state of her best gown. Trim up the woodlands, but do not leave them as though a mighty holocaust had sought their destruction. It is said that growing timber is as good an investment as 6 per cent per annum. The interests of health, wealth, and beauty demand that growing timber be left to grow.

"A conspicuous example of the inspiration of the Old Home Week spirit is seen as we behold the beautiful public library building to be dedicated on Wednesday. All honor to whom all honor is due. God bless the donor of this princely gift.

"The word 'welcome' has a twofold origin and a twofold meaning. By the way of the Anglo-Saxon it is a compound of 'will' and 'come.' Coming to us from the Scandinavian tongue it is 'well' and 'come.' The Old Home Week invitation employs the word in the twofold sense. It says 'we will that you should come, and it is well that you come.'"

Rev. Edwin Bromley of Providence, a former pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pittsfield, was next introduced, and

spoke most happily of his early impressions of the community,—his ministry here being both successful and pleasant, and his attachment for the town becoming so strong that, with but two exceptions, he had chosen Pittsfield as his place of summer rest and recreation for twenty years.

John T. Hill of Greenwood, a former resident, and G. Ernest Foss of Springfield, a son of Pittsfield, also delivered brief addresses reminiscent in character.

The closing address of the evening came from Dr. Edgar L. Carr, who still resides in Pittsfield as one of its most honored and influential citizens. He has, as he remarked, spent over fifty years of his life in the community, and has learned that nothing is more needful to the prosperity and highest interests of the town than a careful regard for the Bible as the word of God; the Sabbath as His day; and the church as His institution for ministering to the moral and spiritual life of the people. In his closing words he pressed home the thought that to whom much was given of the same much would be required. Pittsfield has been blessed with religious privileges to an unusual degree, and it should be the purpose of her people to make a proper return by extending those privileges to others, and making permanent the work which has been wrought in the past and is being carried on in the present.

The services of the day throughout were of a character to deepen the regard of all who attended them for the church and her institutions, and to conserve those sacred influences which have made it a community worth living in, and coming home to, for her sons and daughters.

#### MONDAY.

The third day dawned brightly, and the good old town was soon busy putting on her gay adornment of tri-colors; public buildings, stores, and private residences being transformed into objects of beauty under the hand of the professional decorators engaged for that purpose. The citizens seemed to be animated with a common impulse to make their homes so attractive that there would be a charm attached to this home-



E. A. LANE, ESQ.





coming of friends and guests which would long abide in the memory.

TUESDAY.

The earlier part of Tuesday was devoted to the completion of the work of the decorators, but in the afternoon there was a special entertainment provided for the children at the Opera House, through the kindness of Mr. C. Milton Chase of Boston. It was an exceedingly pleasing exhibition of the magician's art, and the marvelous acts performed were not only heartily enjoyed by a large assembly of the boys and girls, but the elderly portion of the audience were as fully entertained during the nearly two hours of the performance.

Those who enjoy the American summer sport of baseball were afforded an opportunity to gratify their taste in this direction at an interesting game played at Berry park from 3 to 4.30 P. M.

On Tuesday evening occurred another fine illumination of the town with Chinese lanterns, red fire, and here and there a display of fireworks. The evening was especially favorable to this feature of the celebration, the sky being sufficiently overcast to give to the artificial light its full brilliancy and most pleasing effect.

While the residents of the village were thus busy completing the work of adorning their homes, and making arrangements for the principal feature that was scheduled for Wednesday; many of their guests who had arrived early in the week availed themselves of the opportunity to visit many historic localities and scenes of their early days.

Especial interest was connected with these tours by reason of the work done by Mr. Henry Robinson, of the historic committee of the association, who is also town historian. By much painstaking and gratuitous service he had marked with appropriate tablets over fifty places with which had been connected some event or incident of the distant past, each tablet setting forth what had transpired there. These memorial tablets were to be found in all sections of the community, and told an interesting story to those who perused them. Being

made quite durable and fastened in their position securely, they will serve to bring to the attention of others in coming days those occurrences which made up the history of the town.

#### WEDNESDAY.

The climax of the grand celebration fell upon the fifth day, and although the dawn was somewhat ominous of unfavorable weather, the clouds hanging heavily and with sombreness that portended a change from the favorable weather of previous days, nevertheless, singular as was the fact, while there was a rainfall at Barnstead during the morning hours, also a smart shower on the south of Catamount, and another at Gilmanton, not a leaf was moistened by a raindrop in the village of Pittsfield. At an early hour the people were astir, the sunrise salute and the pealing of the church and factory bells reminding them that the great day of the feast had been ushered in according to the schedule.

The feature which was the principal attraction of the morning was the parade, which drew almost the entire community out upon the streets, the crowd being augmented by hundreds from the surrounding towns. The pageant was as suggestive as it was spectacular, introducing features and devices which carried the observer back to the days of yore, when the fathers began their career in this rural township.

The success of this part of the celebration was due largely to the untiring efforts of Mr. Nathaniel M. Batchelder of the committee on parade, who was also chief marshal of the procession.

It was formed in three divisions, the first led by the Second Regiment Band of Concord, one of the best in the state, A. F. Nevers, leader, followed by E. K. Webster Company of Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias, Capt. J. M. Gilman, commanding; next in order were carriages conveying the president of the day, Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle, Josiah Carpenter and wife, and the Hon. Henry E. Burnham, the speakers of the day and town officers; decorated teams, including the S. S. M. L. C. Club of twenty-five young ladies, in a barge drawn by four bay



MR. NATHANIEL M. BATCHELDER.



horses; Mrs. M. S. Clough, milliner, drawn by four white horses; Courtland Freeze, harness maker, six white horses; John S. Rand, dry goods; Mountain View barge, twenty girls, drawn by two white horses; Wilmer Sanborn, laundry, laundry-trimmed horse and carriage; Frank Young, fancy goods; Boston Fruit Store; Margaret Hook and Master Sanderson, pony riders; Charles Batchelder and Hiram Folsom, fancy trimmed bicycles; and an artistically trimmed tallyho coach provided by Mr. James E. Ring.

Second division, under the direction of John Harris Jenness, assistant marshal, led by the Grammar School Drum Corps, George Rice, leader. In this section was represented the progress made since the early days of the fathers in modes of travel. There was brought to view the old pillion saddle and the "one-hoss shay," and a variety of other conveyances down to the most improved automobile.

The third division was in charge of Ferdinand French, and the music was furnished by the Pittsfield Drum Corps, W. B. Hill, leader. The progress made in agricultural implements was brought to view in this section of the parade. There was represented the mode of harvesting with the primitive scythes and sickles and that with the modern reaper; there was also to be seen the old plow which so roughly and slowly tore open the earth for the annual spring sowing, and the sulky plow of the present day, by the use of which in one day the enterprising farmer turns his furrows with rapidity and comfort.

The final division was led by the Antique Drum Corps, and contained a barge conveying the members of W. K. Cobb Post, G. A. R., and other teams.

The procession formed upon the old common on South Main street, and moved up Main street to Chestnut, down Chestnut to Green, through Green to Depot, from Depot to Railroad square, from thence to Catamount, from Catamount to Manchester, down Manchester to the railroad station, there receiving the speakers and invited guests. As escort to the latter, the procession passed up Broadway to Main, up Main to Elm, down Elm to Depot and Railroad square, where the

parade was dismissed. The band escorted the carriages containing the speakers to the park, where the exercises of the morning were to occur.

Hardly had the concourse of people gathered in front of the speaker's stand before the clouds began to disperse and the sunbeams fell through the treetops upon as interesting an assemblage as had ever been convened on a great public occasion in the town. Directly across the street stood the new Josiah Carpenter library building in all its simple beauty of design and adornment, the dedication of which was the principal feature of the forenoon.

While for several years the town has had a small circulating library there has been no suitable conveniences for caring for the books. This need appealed to Josiah Carpenter of Manchester, formerly cashier of the Pittsfield National Bank, who in very many generous ways has evinced his interest in the welfare of the townspeople. With the desire to minister to the best intellectual and moral life of the town he purchased of S. J. Winslow, Esq., the tract of land on which to erect a building which should be both substantial, ornamental, and of lasting practical value to the people. Ground was broken for this structure about the latter part of April, 1901, and the work was pushed with great diligence and zest in order that its dedication might be one of the features of the Old Home Week celebration.

In construction it is of purely classic design and covers an area of fifty-six by thirty-one feet, exclusive of the broad flight of Concord granite steps leading to the main entrance. The materials of its construction are pressed brick, with heavy trimmings and pilasters of Indiana sandstone. The covering of the roof is of the best black slate, with ridges of rolled copper. The windows are of plate glass. The vestibule floor is of tile and the others of hardwood. The interior is divided into a stack-room nineteen feet seven inches by thirty feet, and a delivery room twenty-six by thirty feet, with alcoves in the front corners, a coat-room in the right rear corner, and an exit to the spiral stairway, leading to the basement, in the







HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

left corner. This delivery room is equipped for a reading-room, with heavy tables and chairs of oak.

The main part of the building is provided with steel ceilings, and is paneled five feet high with quartered oak in natural color. The stack-room is rendered fireproof by brick walls with metal ceilings and fireproof doors shutting it from the other rooms. There is a basement under the entire building, where the heating apparatus is located; also ample storage apartments and a room fitted with toilet requisites. For the present the building is to be lighted with gas, but is also wired for electric lighting. The entire cost of the building is in the vicinity of \$15,000. William M. Butterfield was the architect and Head & Dowst of Manchester were the builders.

The large-hearted and thoughtful donor, Josiah Carpenter, is a native of the neighboring town of Chichester, where he spent his earlier years, removing to Epsom in his young manhood, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits. He came to Pittsfield in 1857, and began his business career in the Pittsfield Bank. He continued his residence in this town until 1877, when he removed to Manchester to engage in the banking business in that city. He organized the Second National Bank of Manchester, also the Mechanics Savings Bank. He has been for a long term of years the president of these institutions. He has filled many positions of public trust, serving the town of Pittsfield as its representative in the state legislature while residing here. He was also treasurer of Merrimack county, and is recognized as one of the ablest financiers of the state. It is through his generosity that annually, for the past eight years, a prize-speaking contest has been sustained for the benefit of the pupils of the public schools of Pittsfield.

The exercises of dedication opened with an overture by the Second Regiment Band, following which the chorus choir, under the direction of John S. Rand, rendered a fine selection. At the conclusion of these musical features the president of the Old Home Week Association, Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle, spoke as follows:

### ADDRESS OF HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

We are assembled here today to receive from a former townsman the munificent gift of this beautiful structure of brick and granite,—a lasting memorial to him whose early manhood was spent in our midst; who while among us filled many positions of trust and responsibility, and who here laid the foundation of the remarkably successful business career which awaited him on the broader field of action that was opened to him by his removal about twenty-five years ago to the Queen City of our state.

Memorials like this are of lasting value; they benefit the present and future generations, and are a sacred trust for us and for our children. Much interest has ever been manifested in Pittsfield in the advancement of education. Years ago, James Joy gave the land on which was built the old academy. Our beautiful park ever reminds us of his generosity. The erection, and success as a school, of Pittsfield Academy marked a distinct advance in the cause of education in our midst. Squire Merrill, William Edwin Berry, Mrs. Benjamin Emerson, and others perhaps whom I do not now recall, left funds for its support.

The old bell, the gift of Monroe Tenney, still summons the youth of our village to the halls of learning. By the Kent Medal fund, Moody Kent offered an incentive to the pupils to earnest, persistent study. Many are here today who recall the sacrifices of parents and the effort made by pupils themselves to earn the wherewithal for books and tuition that the knowledge might be gained there which has since aided them so much to successfully meet life's issues.

The old academy has gone, but in its place across the park there stands a fine, substantial building. J. Wilson White remembered the town of his birth and early life, and his gift shows that the opinion of that earnest business man was that through knowledge lay the path to success.

This gift is another step forward in our march of progress. A public library brings education and culture within the reach





MR. JOSIAH CARPENTER.



MRS. JOSIAH CARPENTER.



of all. The requirements of the present day demand the best educational advantages we are able to give our children. They need something besides mere text-books. They must travel through broader fields of history, literature, and science.

The middle-aged men and women are today still students—or should be—and to them the library affords facilities for information, making them better citizens, more thoughtful, broader men and women.

To the aged, books bring pleasure, comfort, and recreation, and to them this edifice will indeed be a casket holding jewels of priceless value.

I have now the honor to present to you the donor of this building, Josiah Carpenter, formerly of this town, now of Manchester.

Mr. Carpenter was greeted with a hearty demonstration of applause as he came forward. He spoke as follows:

### ADDRESS OF JOSIAH CARPENTER.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

There has been some surprise expressed that I selected this town in which to erect a library building. Although I am warmly attached to Chichester as the place of my birth, my banking life began in the old Pittsfield bank here. I passed twenty pleasant years here, and, above all, I found here the best wife a man could ever wish for. Are not these sufficient reasons? Much of thought and time have been expended in bringing this building to completion, and I hope it may please you. Brick walls, steel ceilings, and automatic fire-proof doors serve to make it nearly fire-proof. It is finished to hold over twelve thousand books, but its capacity can be increased by additional shelves and cases when needed. I wish to thank the townspeople for their kind words and cordial interest in the work; especially Mr. Winslow and Mr. Clark for allowing us to trespass upon their premises during the erection of the building.

I have not followed the custom of asking the town to provide a lot, nor have I asked any pledges from the town. I



know the people and I have confidence in them. I feel sure that they will vote a suitable sum for the necessary expenses of running the library, and also purchase each year a generous number of new books.

And now I am happy to present to you, chairman of the board of selectmen, and to your associates and successors, this deed, conveying the land, the building, and furnishings complete. May it be held as a sacred trust to be used for the benefit of this town for generations to come. And to you, chairman of the board of library trustees, I deliver the keys of the building, trusting that you will watch over its interests and guide its affairs wisely and for the greatest good of the public.

Another round of applause was bestowed upon the generous donor of the library as he concluded this presentation address, after which Frank D. Hutchins, Esq., chairman of the board of selectmen, accepted the gift in behalf of the town, speaking as follows:

### ADDRESS OF FRANK D. HUTCHINS.

*Mr. Carpenter, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It gives me great and sincere pleasure, both as a citizen and in my official capacity in behalf of the town of Pittsfield, to receive from your hand this legal instrument which vests in the town the title and proprietorship in yonder beautiful and substantial structure.

It is a gift, sir, that is a noble and enduring monument of your generosity and abiding interest in the educational welfare of the people of this community. A public library opens up great avenues of opportunity in this direction. I know of no way in which your munificence could have been directed that would do more to strengthen, broaden, and elevate the intellectual life of this and coming generations of this place than that in which it is now displayed.

The great and lasting benefits that accrue to a town are not to be fully realized or estimated in a moment. The full significance and importance of your act this day will become

more and more apparent and appreciated as the years come and go. In the selection of the site of the building, in the beauty and solidity of the structure, in the completeness of its appointments, your fine taste and liberal hand are recognized by every resident of the town, and I have no hesitancy in pledging the best efforts of the people of Pittsfield to properly use and care for the gift and gratefully to remember the donor.

Mr. Hutchins was followed by Mr. Frank E. Randall, chairman of board of trustees of the town's library, who, in accepting the keys, voiced the feelings of an appreciative public, as follows:

#### ADDRESS OF FRANK E. RANDALL.

*Mr. President, Mr. Carpenter, and Fellow Citizens:*

It gives me the utmost pleasure to be present on this occasion to assist in inaugurating these Old Home Week exercises, and the dedication of the public library building, the munificent gift of our former fellow citizen, Mr. Carpenter.

I desire to present to the donor my personal thanks, joined to those of my associate members of the trustees, and the grateful acknowledgment of the general public, for a gift so complete in its construction, so valuable in the purposes contemplated, and so fitting in every way to commemorate the life of its generous and thoughtful giver.

It has been said, "The evil men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones," but I am strongly convinced that in this instance the phraseology must be allowed to read "The good deeds of men will live on through the succeeding years, and unborn generations shall rise up to remember and proclaim the blessings which they receive and transmit."

From the remotest forms of civilization it has been the custom for nations and states to hand down to posterity the illustrious deeds of their distinguished civil and military heroes in monument, painting, or statue. Italy honored the name of Garibaldi, France loved her Napoleon and Ney, Russia never

will forget the great Peter, England has adorned her history with the names of Nelson and Wellington, Greece erected a stately monument to honor the heroic three hundred who died for their country and inscribed on its rugged sides the lasting tribute, "Go tell the Spartans that we obeyed our country's laws and we lie here." Our own America can never forget the self-sacrificing devotion of a Washington, the military genius of a Grant, or the fine mental balance and statesmanlike qualities of a Lincoln, and they are enshrined in the hearts of every American citizen, while their achievements adorn the choicest pages of our national records.

Not until a recent period, however, have men chosen to erect their own monuments. The noble examples of *ante-mortem* generosity with which our own country is replete stand as perpetual reminders that the love of money is giving way to the stronger love of humanity, and the Peabodys, the Carnegies, the Armours, and Rockefellers of our generation form a bright galaxy of stars in the firmament which spans our national world.

Locally we are permitted to enjoy the benefits of the generosity of one who seems to believe in monuments which not only commemorate but bless as well as honor, and we as citizens receive with grateful hearts the keys of a temple consecrated to the cause of learning and dedicated to the purpose of lifting our citizens to greater intellectual heights, to gladden their homes, and to widen their sphere of moral excellence. The generous kindness embodied in this gift from Mr. Carpenter is in direct keeping with the line of action on the part of our own people in advancing the educational opportunities of our children, as shown in generous appropriations and watchful supervision, and we have abundant reason for pride in view of these happy conditions.

Let us then guard with unremitting care the interests and institutions intrusted to our charge, and transmit them unimpaired to our posterity; and, as we look with special pleasure upon this new legacy from our distinguished friend, let us not forget to teach our children that the building is the case while the books are the jewels.



MR. FRANK D. HUTCHINS.



Mr. Carpenter, in concluding let me renew to you the thanks of all the people for your great kindness as manifested in this costly and valuable gift, and to express the sincere desire on their part that you and your companion, whose portrait, with your own, hangs upon the walls of our building, may live for many years to observe the practical benefits of your thoughtful kindness, and may your declining years be guarded by heaven's benedictions and your last days be the best and happiest of all.

At the conclusion of Mr. Randall's remarks the grateful recognition of the generosity of Mr. Carpenter on the part of the town was expressed in the following preamble and resolutions, presented by Town Clerk Frank D. Osgood:

### PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, Mr. Josiah Carpenter has presented to the town of Pittsfield a beautiful and costly public library building, thereby manifesting in a substantial manner his deep interest in the permanent welfare of the town of his adoption and a praiseworthy regard for the intellectual interests of the present and coming generations; and,

WHEREAS, A suitable recognition of this valuable gift and the liberal generosity with which it is bestowed should be made by the citizens of the town; therefore, by the citizens of the town of Pittsfield, be it

*Resolved*, That we appreciate as a people the fine sense of loyalty to this, his old home, which has inclined the donor of this gift to make us his beneficiaries in preference to other localities in which he has longer resided, and that we are especially grateful for a gift so well calculated to keep fresh in the minds and memory of the people the life of the giver and to transmit from generation to generation its lasting and inestimable benefit and blessings.

*Resolved*, That it is our heartfelt wish that the donor may realize more fully than ever that grand scriptural truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that this library building, so complete in all its appointments, may prove to

be a monument to his memory more eloquent and enduring than polished marble or granite shaft, and may serve to emphasize the sentiment that when the stateliest monuments of earth's mightiest conquerors have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of our generous givers shall still be freshened by the tears of their fond admirers, and the sublimest epitaph shall be the simple inscription, "He loved his fellow-men."

*Resolved*, That the thanks of all the people of the town be and hereby are conveyed to Mr. Josiah Carpenter for his munificent generosity, and that the preamble and resolutions herein contained be spread upon the records of the town and a copy in suitable form be presented to Mr. Carpenter as a souvenir of the regard and affection of the citizens of Pittsfield.

In behalf of the town of Pittsfield.

Approved: FRANK D. HUTCHINS,  
ERSKINE DENISON,  
FRANK E. CRAM,  
*Selectmen of Pittsfield.*

FRANK D. OSGOOD,  
*Town Clerk.*

Pursuant to the latter clause of the resolutions, Mr. Osgood presented a copy of the preamble and resolutions, beautifully bound in white leather, inscribed upon the cover in gilt letters, the interior of the publication being an exquisite display of the printer's art. The signatures of the members of the board of selectmen, also that of the town clerk, as representatives of the people, are attached to the resolutions.

The building having thus been conveyed to the town, the prayer of dedication was offered by the Rev. George E. Lovejoy of the Congregational Church. Another vocal selection was rendered by the chorus choir, following which the dedicatory address was delivered by the Hon. Henry E. Burnham, United States senator from New Hampshire. That distinguished gentleman spoke as follows:



MR. FRANK E. RANDALL.





## ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM.

We have assembled today to dedicate a new and appropriate building to the uses of a public library. It is an occasion of congratulation and rejoicing, not only for the sons and daughters who still remain in your town of Pittsfield, but for those who now return to unite in a glad reunion at the old homestead. Doubly interesting and significant is this occasion from the fact that this building, furnished and equipped, together with the well-selected lot on which it stands, comes to this town today as the free and unconditional gift of a former townsman. Every citizen will look with pride upon this completed work, so admirably adapted to the uses for which it was designed. It will add another to the many attractions of this beautiful and enterprising town, and will be in the years to come, as the home of your library, a constant source of pleasure and satisfaction to all your people.

We rejoice today that your generous benefactor is with us to participate in these exercises and to realize the appreciation and depth of gratitude with which this gift has been received. Many of you knew him here, where for twenty years he bore an active part in the business life of this community. Here, too, he found the richest treasure man can ever have,—the companionship of a true, noble, and gifted wife.

From every one present and from all who, though absent, are looking homeward now from places near or remote, I would bear the message of hearts that are full of gratitude to him who has given to this community a most useful and appropriate building. Long may it remain a silent but expressive witness, not only to that intelligence which makes the gift befitting to your people, but also to the public spirit and wise liberality of Mr. Carpenter. Within its fire-proof walls your library will be made more secure and accessible than ever before. In well-lighted and amply ventilated rooms the student and reader will find comfort and pleasure in their researches and examination of books, while in the spacious

reading-room and in the quiet of the alcoves there will be the desired opportunity for study and the perusal of papers and books of reference. In anticipation of the continued growth and prosperity of the town and the development of your library by annual additions, ample provision has been made for twelve thousand volumes.

Of a library and its usefulness I desire to speak, vaguely and indefinitely as I must, for who can measure its far-reaching influence? It is one of the adjuncts and companions of the public schools, and is deserving as well as they of public recognition and liberal aid from public funds. It is one of the supports of our free institutions, and under its beneficent influence, intelligence and refinement uplift and adorn the life of the whole community. It contributes to the rational enjoyment of all its patrons, and sends its voiceless messengers to cheer and enlighten all ranks and conditions of mankind. Its volumes open wide and free to all alike. It responds with equal readiness to the cravings of the child, hunting for pictures, as to the most gifted student, searching for the hidden lore of bygone ages. It belongs to no sect or party, but with equal favor bestows its blessings upon every searcher after truth, guides the traveler in his pursuit of knowledge, illumines his pathway, and reveals to him the winnowed and garnered treasures of all the past.

As a supplement to our system of public schools and as a co-worker in the field of education, the library has attained to a high and recognized place. The scholar, under the guidance of competent teachers, is directed to this fountain of knowledge, and the librarian, faithful and intelligent, acquaints him with the means of obtaining the desired information. As the traveler in an unaccustomed place receives the assistance of one who is familiar with its scenes and attractions, so the scholar is guided in his search by those who are familiar with this collection of books. Histories will be given to him where he may learn of his own country and of other lands, books of travel will interest and instruct him, and biographies, that narrate the life history of the great men and



MR. FRANK D. OSGOOD.



noble women who have passed away, may kindle in his bosom a laudable ambition and lead this student on and up to a life of usefulness and honor. Our public schools should be in charge of those who appreciate these immeasurable advantages and who will endeavor to create in every scholar a desire for that knowledge that comes from books and that taste for reading which is so essential to the fullest enjoyment of life and is so necessary to the development and cultivation of the mind. No more worthy object or more beneficial result can be sought for or attained in our public schools.

Our government and institutions, deriving their strength and support from the people, can only be secure and prospered when those who determine the policy and select the rulers of the state and nation shall be intelligent as well as patriotic men. Questions of vital importance to the welfare of the republic are often decided at our presidential elections. Some of these questions have been considered and discussed by the wisest and ablest thinkers of our own and other lands, and their reasoning and opinions are found in books which every library should contain, and which should be open and accessible to every voter. In all of our best collections of books may be found information and assistance in forming correct opinions upon social, economic, and political questions, and the value of such a collection cannot be questioned nor its importance and benefit over-estimated.

It is a noticeable fact that in those towns and cities where the opportunities for reading have been most abundant there have been developed a higher refinement and cultivation and a broader and more general education. This result is not confined to any class in the community, but all ranks and conditions have received the benefit of an elevating and ennobling influence.

Books have done much to comfort and cheer the unfortunate. In fancy and imagination the reader is borne away to other scenes and happier conditions, and the hard and toilsome ways of life are for a time forgotten. What a boon and blessing is there in this free, unpurchased book, and what

a value it has for every moment it lifts the shadows from a darkened life! Even the idler, whom fortune has favored, may derive from books entertainment and profit, while the ambitious student, eagerly seeking for the treasures that are concealed in the printed volume, will store his mind with useful knowledge.

A wise censorship should guard against the intrusion of books that are worthless or harmful in their influence, but a just liberality should provide for the proper demands of the reading public. The industries and occupations of the people should be considered. Artisans and business men should be able to find literature that relates to the trade, business, or work in which they are engaged, and surely there should be no discrimination against any class among the respected and worthy. Whatever may be their condition in life or their political or religious beliefs, as citizens and taxpayers all have contributed their part, and are alike entitled to the free use and benefit of this public institution.

A true lover of books finds in every large and wisely selected library a most congenial place. It requires but little imagination to transport him back to the realms of antiquity, and as he turns the historic page, he will seem to live in all ages, under the conditions of every people and in every civilized land. He will hear the orations of the great statesmen of the past and listen to the inspired songs of the poets of every age. He may talk with the sages and listen to the words of the wisest and greatest of mankind, and may follow in their triumphant marches the great soldiers who have changed the geography of the world, and looking down the vista of the ages past he will, with his broadened and enlightened mind, discover the development and progress of the race, up to that highest standard of civilization, illustrated nowhere better on the face of the earth than in our own republic of the United States.

The library building which you are now dedicating to the cause of morality and virtue, to the diffusion of knowledge, and the uplifting of humanity is today our especial object of



HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM.





interest. Across its threshold will come the bright-eyed children from the public schools, eager to find those priceless gems that will adorn their lives. Men and women from the toiling crowds will seek this storehouse of accumulated riches and will carry back their chosen part. Men from their business and women from their homes will be attracted to this place, while those who have been enfeebled by age and no longer toil with glad hearts will gather here that which will be a solace and delight in their declining years. To all these we would say, in the language of the poet Wordsworth:

"Books are yours,  
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
Preserved from age to age; more precious far  
Than that accumulated store of gold,  
And Orient gems, which for a day of need  
The Sultan hides in ancestral tombs,  
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will."

The antiquary searches in vain for the date when the library first came into existence. Doubtless the earliest collections were made soon after the art of writing was first employed, but this event is lost in the misty realms of the past. We know that in Egypt, three centuries before the Christian era, there was the renowned library of Alexandria, which became the glory of that city and the wonder of succeeding ages. Upon bricks and tiles or cylinders of clay were impressed the records of that ancient period in history, and these inscriptions have defied for many centuries the ravages of time. In the sands of the Assyrian desert have been found fragments of these libraries of clay, and many have been gathered up and can be found in the museums of the present day. In later times papyrus came into use, and when Egypt refused to supply to other peoples this material, we find the works of the great minds of the departed dead inscribed on parchment, and there they have been embalmed and imperishably preserved for this later and more favored era. These works of such inestimable value have escaped the dangers of fire and flood, have outlived the changing dynasties, and have passed un-

harméd through the storms of war and the ravages of foreign and domestic foes. In the archives of universities and in the cloister of monasteries they have been collected and secured, and to these we are chiefly indebted for the preservation of that classic literature which, because of the wisdom, strength, and refinement which it illustrates, is held in high esteem by every scholar, and receives great attention in our institutions of learning.

The art of printing and the use of movable type were unknown until after the manufacture of paper began, in the early part of the fifteenth century. With the revival of learning and the use of the printing press, a new era in the history of books dawned upon the world. The literary treasures of every land were sought for and were gathered and secured in the depositories of great cities. Books began to multiply and the foundations were laid for many of the great collections of Europe. The number of their volumes has gradually increased during these centuries, and was unsurpassed numerically and in importance until the advent of the great republic.

In this new country of ours it is interesting to trace the progress and development of this educational system. In Philadelphia, a printer by trade, since known wherever greatness is honored as the philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman,—Benjamin Franklin,—conceived the idea of establishing a collection of books for intellectual improvement and the diffusion of knowledge. In 1731, with fifty associates, he laid the foundation of an institution which has since been known as the Philadelphia Library Company, and which has ever been recognized as the mother of subscription library associations in North America.

It is not strange that in the course of time other men of intelligence and public spirit in many towns and cities followed the example of this illustrious founder. The states generally, recognizing the importance and value of this new force in our educational progress, gave charters to these associations and exempted their books from taxation. Thus indirectly a majority of the states gave encouragement and a

moral support to these institutions. More than one hundred years elapsed before the next movement was made to advance this most meritorious cause, and then the great fact was recognized and appreciated that the collecting of books was not for preservation only, but was one of the proper and helpful means of giving education to the people. District school libraries were first established by the state of New York in 1835, and the system found encouragement in several other states, but was not universally adopted. This movement was, however, in the line of progress, and while the best results were not attained and the system was not generally accepted, it served a wise and helpful purpose as an educator of public sentiment, and led directly and inevitably to the organization of township libraries, where the educational force would be concentrated and more efficient than through the scattered collections of the district.

We have now come to a most important period in the history of this movement, when appropriate legislation gave to every town and city the right to establish and maintain public libraries, and for that purpose to raise money by taxation. Here we turn with pride and exultation to the glorious record of our Granite State. In the session of 1849 her legislature gave to every town and city, without limit and without condition, the right to raise money by taxation for free public library purposes. She was the first of all the states to give to her people the benefit of this enabling act, and on this line of progress she led all the world. England in the following year, influenced no doubt by her example, adopted similar legislation. Other states in due time followed her leadership, and enacted the law that whenever a town or city would so elect, public money might be raised to create and sustain collections of books for the free use of all the people of that town or city.

The next advance in aid of this beneficent institution was made by the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts, where in 1890 she created a commission to foster the establishment and growth of this institution throughout the state. In the following year a New Hampshire legislature enacted a similar

law and provided wise measures for the assistance of the smaller and less fortunate towns. In 1895 our legislature enacted a law manifestly intended to secure to the inhabitants of every town a free public library, but its provisions have not been as effective as was anticipated. Still, the gratifying fact may be stated, that all of the towns in the state, except eleven, are now in possession of library facilities.

While our country has, during its brief national existence, made wondrous progress in the development of her wide domain, while her wealth has accumulated and her power increased until today she is unsurpassed by any of the great nations of the earth, while her arms have been triumphant in every war, her navy victorious in battles upon the sea, and her flag is now honored and respected in every commercial harbor of the world, she has never been unmindful of the intellectual and moral welfare of all her people. Upon the purity of her homes, the efficiency of her public schools, and the sanctity and freedom of her churches, she has ever relied as the sure means of securing and promoting the high character, intelligence, and patriotism of her citizens.

The educational system upon which she has thus relied has included the wide diffusion of knowledge through the free distribution of books. During the past fifty years there has been a remarkable increase in the number and value of these collections. At the beginning of the last century there were in the whole country not more than eighty thousand volumes. In 1875 there were, in collections containing three hundred volumes or more, 11,487,778 books. In 1900, according to the report of the United States Bureau of Education, the number of volumes contained in our public, society, and school libraries of one thousand volumes or more was 44,591,851. The increase during the last five years has been more than the total number in 1875.

Today we have more books thus collected than are contained in all the public libraries of the four great nations of Europe. France, with the largest single collection in the world, the National at Paris, containing nearly if not quite three million

volumes, Great Britain with her British Museum, the growth of centuries, Germany with her many great and valuable collections, and Russia with her immense number of books at St. Petersburg and Moscow, combined together have several millions less in number than the United States. The Congressional Library at Washington, practically built up since the destructive fire of half a century ago, now contains about one million volumes, and will ultimately exceed in number that vast collection of books in Paris. Others in our several states are growing with remarkable rapidity, and it is a most gratifying fact that they are now commensurate with our literary productions, our vast resources, and our high rank among the nations.

Some of these institutions have been founded and endowed by the munificent gifts of great benefactors. With reference to these men, and in allusion to others who have given large amounts for similar objects, Mr. Gladstone once said: "If I were an American I should feel proud of such men, who do for their country what only governments are expected to do in Europe."

Not only have we built up these great libraries in every state of our Union, but we shall soon establish them in our new possessions, where their beneficent work may be an efficient factor in promoting intelligence, loyalty, and a large measure of prosperity. The unanimous sentiment of the country will surely sustain the principle that libraries should always follow the flag.

Gratified as we are with the growth of this institution in the nation, we are especially interested in our own state. Here we learn from the reports made last year to the Bureau of Education that New Hampshire has made remarkable progress in the growth of her system of book collections, and that she now holds a proud position among her sister states. In fact, only one surpasses her in the proportion of books to population, for we have in this state today, according to the same reports, one hundred and seventy-six volumes for every one hundred of our inhabitants. Only Massachusetts, with her

immense Boston and Harvard College libraries, exceeds our proportionate number.

There is one town in the state which we cannot fail to mention. Pre-eminent above all others, the name of our town of Peterborough should be inscribed on the roll of fame. First in this state, first in all the states, and first in the world, she, on the 9th of April, 1833, laid the foundation, by her vote at a town meeting, of a free public library, to be supported by taxation, from public funds. In her pre-eminence we all have a common interest and pride, for Peterborough is one of our splendid family of towns and cities that make up the state,—a state that has no stain upon its record, but has performed every duty faithfully in peace and heroically in war, and now looks forward to a glorious future of unclouded brightness.

As loyal and devoted citizens of such a state, we hail with especial pleasure every movement and every act that will aid in the diffusion of knowledge and in the elevation and intellectual improvement of our people. So we greet and welcome today, with deepest sentiments of pride and gratitude, the gift and the giver of this public library building. On this thrice happy occasion, when the town of Pittsfield is rejoicing in the return of her sons and daughters from far and near, and is extending to them her unbounded hospitality, it was most fitting that this gracious gift should receive a full and hearty recognition.

Around this building and the increasing treasures it may contain will cluster through the coming years the appreciative and affectionate interest of this whole community. Long may it withstand the warring elements and forces of decay, and long may it remain as an appropriate memorial of wise generosity and a secure and commodious repository for the library of the town of Pittsfield.

At the conclusion of the address of Senator Burnham the following letter from Bishop William W. Niles of the Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire was read by the secretary, G. E. Lovejoy:

## LETTER FROM BISHOP WILLIAM W. NILES.

HATLEY, P. Q., August 10, 1901.

*To the Committee on Invitations, Greeting:*

In response to your kind invitation to join you, in Pittsfield, in the Old Home Week, I will say, that, while neither a native nor a former resident of your fair town, so much interest do I feel in Pittsfield that I much wish I could go there to be with you.

This letter I am writing in my beloved native town, in Canada, to which town I have come (save twice when in Europe, and once when hindered by sickness) every year of my life since I left home to go away to college; and this although none of my kindred now live here to greet me. Loyalty has always seemed to me among the first of human virtues. We all like a man to "stand by" friends, home, country, God, every good thing to which he has once given himself. And when our excellent chief magistrate, Governor Rollins, was moved to set our Old Home Week agoing, I felt as if it was an inspiration. Great benefit has already come of it, and will come, both to the towns and to the character of the people. It is a good thing to stir up our minds by way of remembrance.

Nor ought we to deem the essential thing lost of Old Home Week even if large public gatherings be not held every year, or nearly every year. These may be, if that be thought best, only with considerable intervals. Then they are not burdensome and do great good. But for a few, each year, to come back to the scenes of earlier days, to greet a friend, to go to church, to look into the schoolhouse, to gaze with love on fields and hills beloved of yore, this is a worthy tribute and a benefit far reaching.

Such returns must, in the end, tend not a little to suggest to them that have lived happily in the place in years long gone: "Is there anything that I can do for the benefit of my former home? Anything to make it more attractive to live in? Anything to content the young, and if they must by and



by go away, to send them forth stronger, better, wiser, worthier sons and daughters of the home that we love?"

This library, the generous, thoughtful gift of your friend and former fellow citizen, Mr. Carpenter, what a good thing it is, and will always be! What a good thing to have thought of! What a good thing to have carried through! The giving it is an act which will surely be held in lasting honor. Then in other centuries, perhaps, when personal acquaintance is at an end upon earth, with giver and the immediate receivers of today, it is pleasant to think that other generations shall draw strength and help from the shelves within these walls.

For this reason, in particular, of your noble library, I wish I could be with you on the great day of your Old Home Week. I trust and pray that the best and purest things of literature may be gathered here, with an intelligent, loving care, which shall keep far away every hurtful word and thing. And with best wishes for the day, and for your fair town, and for the giver of this noble gift, I am,

Yours most truly,

WILLIAM W. NILES.

Next followed the original poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Mary H. Wheeler of Pittsfield, and read by Mrs. Charles Carpenter Goss of Dover.

### DEDICATION POEM.

The mother brushes up the hearth,  
And dons her cap and comb,  
And at the threshold waits to greet  
The children coming home.

When Pittsfield for her children's sake  
Would be arrayed her best,  
What better time could one present  
This jewel for her breast?

This jewel—no ephemeral thing  
To wither and decay—  
A structure fitted to remain  
When we have passed away.



MRS. MARY WHEELER.



To us a dream of permanence,  
A joy to thought and sight,  
For generations yet to come  
An object of delight.

A useful and much needed gift  
A public want supplied,  
A boon to every citizen,  
A theme for common pride.

And here, where Thomas Thorndike loved  
To watch his beds of flowers,  
A garden of perennial bloom  
Is destined to be ours.

Within these halls the wisdom  
Of the ages will be stored,  
And Silence, standing wand in hand,  
Will guard the precious hoard.

Here Science and Philosophy  
Their open court will hold,  
And Orient-born Mythology  
The fossil thought unfold.

Here History will tell the fate  
Of scepter and of crown,  
And bold Biography relate  
How men have won renown.

And Poesy, on tripping feet,  
Lead to enchanted bowers,  
To grottoes old with gems replete,  
And Fancy's fadeless flowers.

Here Fiction, her ideal world  
Shown with suggestive art,  
Will bid the soul with rapture glow,  
Or cause the tear to start.

And here the student will repair  
The archives to explore,  
To pluck the grain of knowledge  
From the garnered sheaves of lore;

To gaze through Learning's morning gate  
And watch the dawning light,  
And mark the awful darkness  
Of superstition's night;

To follow down the centuries  
The track of bloody wars,  
And hear the shouts of victors,  
And the populace's applause,

The sounding clash of sword and shield,  
The trumpet's blaring sound,  
And the plaintive moan of captives  
In the train of triumph bound;

To find the shepherds piping  
In the palmy days of peace,  
The useful arts advancing  
As the rights of kings decrease;

Or, with the traveler to sail  
Across the treacherous seas,  
Ascend the Nile, or view the Alps,  
While sitting here at ease;

With Taylor see the midnight sun,  
With Stanley Afric's wild,  
Or through the eastern islands run  
By later pens beguiled;

With eyes upon the printed page  
The Klondike mines explore,  
Or watch the rising of the tide  
On our Pacific shore.

And here some youth with dreamy eyes  
May come to muse an hour,  
And o'er the poet's page awake  
To intellectual power.

As while he reads the glowing thought  
Another's mind has known,  
He grasps the pleasing consciousness  
Of echoes from his own.

And here the busy man may come  
The weary brain to rest,  
And feast at Dickens' tempting board,  
Or be Cervantes' guest;

Or try the spicy condiments  
With which Mark Twain regales,  
And smile while David Harum tells  
His after-dinner tales.



MRS. CHAS. CARPENTER GOSS.



The children, too, may enter here  
 And roam the fairy realm,  
 Or to the lonely island sail  
 With Crusoe at the helm,

The while Aladdin's magic lamp  
 The signal will await  
 To open by its genii  
 Each subterranean gate.

We read how in a thirsty land  
 A great magician's rod  
 Once caused a sparkling spring to flow,  
 Upspringing from the sod.

It slaked the thirst of young and old,  
 Year after year the same,  
 And all the people came to bless  
 The great magician's name.

And here a fountain we behold  
 Where thirsty minds may drink;  
 With knowledge—synonym of power—  
 Outflowing at its brink.

The wand which our magician used  
 Had potency the same,  
 And while we drink we, too, would bless  
 Our benefactor's name.

A cornet solo by Mr. Arthur F. Nevers, leader of the Second Regiment Band, added to the interest of the occasion at this point in the exercises. Prof. James W. Webster of Malden was then introduced and spoke as follows:

#### ADDRESS OF PROF. JAMES W. WEBSTER.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens of Pittsfield, and Returned Sons:*

There may be a question why I, not being a native of Pittsfield, should be called upon to address you here today. But did you know my history, did you know my relation to him whom we honor today, you would not question why I am here, and why I am deeply interested in these exercises.



Forty years ago I was attracted to this beautiful village for a reason I am not now going to mention, for my wife is present. I remember the old academy; I remember many of those who were students there. There are many, perhaps, who received a part of their education in this old building, now extinct, and many there are who went out into the world who got *all* their education there. Some of them are back here today, and I can see one, born within hearing of my voice, who trod through this very park day after day, month after month, fitting herself not only for the companionship of the one she loved, but preparing herself for the many public duties which she has so faithfully and ably performed. It was here, on this very spot, that she received her early training, and she has not lost her interest in the town to this day. She has taken a deep interest in planning and erecting the beautiful building which we now dedicate. I refer to the graceful and cultured wife of Mr. Carpenter, who shares with him the joy and satisfaction and honor of presenting it to the town.

You will pardon me if I indulge a moment in reminiscences. Forty years ago, when I first visited the place, you had poor streets, poor sidewalks, and in the evening they were dark and gloomy. Now you have beautiful streets, well lighted,—not with tallow candles or lamps, but with gas,—and soon, undoubtedly, they will be illumined by electricity. Then your only public means of communication was by stage-coach—I presume the very same old coach we saw today in the parade. It carried me back to the time when True Garland made his daily trips between Pittsfield and Concord. Now you have the steam railroad and the automobiles. Then the water supply was obtained from wells, with the sweep and the “old oaken bucket”; now the water is brought into your houses from the beautiful pond at the foot of old Catamount. You are making great progress!

I have watched the progress of your schools. Years ago they were common, ungraded, district schools. Now you have a complete system of graded schools, in fine modern buildings, well furnished with all necessary apparatus. You are proud

of them, and well you may be. I was proud, in searching the records of public libraries, to find that in Peterborough, in my native state,—old New Hampshire,—the first free public library in the world was established. I think it is something for you and for every son and daughter of New Hampshire to be proud of.

But what I want to speak of today is the presentation of that munificent building for the purpose of a library. I need not speak for the building; it speaks for itself. It is well proportioned, thoroughly built and handsome, but stone and brick and mortar will crumble, but the influence of that library, if the shelves are filled with good books, will never crumble, will never cease, and never can be estimated.

I hope there will be, by action of the trustees, a close connection made between the public library and the public schools, especially your high school. The teachers and pupils should have special privileges in taking out books, and the teachers of the public schools through the entire town should have free access to the library.

It would be a grand thing if in the near future funds were raised, by public entertainments, for the purchase of books to be placed in the library. I had hoped in these past months that some successful son of Pittsfield would donate a sufficient sum of money, the interest of which would afford an annual supply of books, and I am in anticipation that such a sum will be forthcoming.

I trust that the annual town meeting will also, without discussion or hesitation, appropriate such a sum as the trustees may ask for. Citizens of the town, you cannot afford to do otherwise! It is not a question to be discussed. Discuss diminution of taxes, reduce expenses, curtail somewhere, cut down salaries,—if need be,—but *do not* cut down the appropriation for your library. That library increases the value of your real estate. Every farm in Pittsfield is worth more today than it was a year ago. Every piece of property in this village is worth more today with that building there.

I hope that the young men of this town will be moved to

organize a deliberative assembly or debating society, in which they will get such training in writing and speaking as will help them to express themselves freely and effectively when upon their feet before audiences like this. The public library will be a fountain of knowledge to draw from in their preparation.

But how about the young ladies? It is all very well to dress up and go out on the street and have afternoon teas,—all very well,—but these things do not improve or culture the mind generally. There may be exceptions. In the library they can study the best poets, discuss the best authors; yea, they can study the old masters in art and become familiar with them. They will have a great deal more enjoyment and will be fitting themselves to adorn society.

I hope and trust that you will guard carefully the books placed in the library. There are so many worthless books, not only worthless when read, but ruining in their influence! I trust that you will not have on the shelves of yonder library books that are in any way worthless. If they are fiction, let them have a good moral.

Now I want to congratulate the people receiving this gift, and I congratulate Mr. Carpenter and his companion in the conception of the thought of planting in your village that magnificent and substantial building.

At the conclusion of Professor Webster's address S. J. Winslow was introduced and spoke briefly as follows:

### ADDRESS OF S. J. WINSLOW.

When, after twenty years of unsuccessful agitation and effort to secure railroad communication with the outside world, the city of Manchester took hold of the enterprise and the road was constructed, our people at once became very much attached to that community, which had so liberally helped to obtain what we had so long desired. But when they began to pick off one after another of our best and brightest men to assist them in building up their own city, we became aware that this



PROF. JAMES W. WEBSTER.



was far from generous of them, and we looked with suspicion on their movements. But today as we look upon this beautiful library building so generously provided for the town from which the donor went, we say to Manchester that "We share with you in the prosperity of your city, by the acquisition you took from us in the person of Josiah Carpenter, and although he may have his residence and spend the remainder of his earthly existence in your city, he will live in the hearts of the inhabitants of Pittsfield to the remotest end of time."

The next speaker was Dr. Edgar L. Carr, who delivered the concluding address of the morning.

#### ADDRESS OF DR. EDGAR L. CARR.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I cannot forbear to express in a word my pleasure at receiving an invitation to say a few words on this very interesting occasion. There is a time to speak and a time to keep silent; this is a time to speak, a time when every one of us must speak, not in the eloquent and glowing words of the honorable senator to whom you have just listened with such intense interest, but you are speaking by your presence and the glad, happy look on your faces.

This is Pittsfield's happy day, and it might seem that the one who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" ordered this day for our especial comfort and happiness.

In common with many of our people, I have been looking forward with glad anticipations to this day when our town would become the happy recipient of a library building. Those of our citizens who desire to broaden the mental culture and to raise the moral standing for themselves and others, have long seen the need of better privileges for the attainment of these objects. Our township is small and far from being wealthy, but it is beautiful for situation, progressive, and the people are in good repute for frugality, honesty, and intellectual attainments.

Of first importance in any community are its churches, the

number and condition of which may indicate the character and habits of the people. We take pleasure in calling your attention to ours as models of neatness and comfort, well attended by respectful and interested congregations, shepherded by men eminent in mental culture and Christian experience, whose efforts are untiring to impress this people with the value and importance of religious observances to the individual and the world.

Next in importance are the schools. Ours have come up through much tribulation to an eminence which is justly the pride of every citizen. Today our high school certificate is the open sesame to some of the best New England colleges, and our course of study prepares young men and women for the active duties of a successful life.

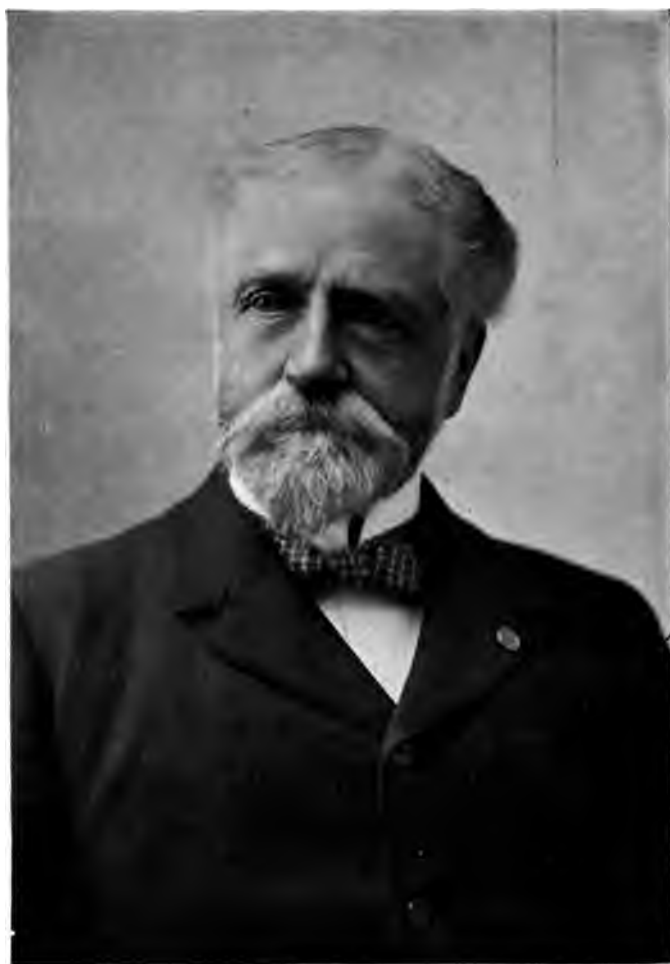
But with all these advantages, there has hitherto been a lack in equipment for mental culture. The need of a public library and reading-room has long been seen, and the hope that this might come had been so long deferred that the heart was well-nigh made sick, when rumor brought to us the glad news that one of our former residents was mindful of our need, and disposed to supply the same, and today we have heard the words that place this magnificent building, the foundation of an important educational feature whose possibilities we may not be able to foresee, in the hands of this town, and the donor of which is a gentleman well known to you as one who for many years resided here and was prominently identified in the business affairs of the town.

To the glad chorus of thanks which wells up spontaneously from the hearts of a grateful people to the donor of this very appropriate gift, I wish to add mine. I can conceive of no gift more appropriate nor one which could have given us greater pleasure or from which greater good could redound.

It is well known to you that this is not the first tangible evidence that we have of Mr. Carpenter's interest in the educational progress of our town. The prize-speaking contest which he instituted some years since has become a part of our school curriculum, and an important feature of the same. This has







DR. EDGAR L. CARR.

endeared him to the young people of Pittsfield, and many who have been benefited and encouraged on this important line of study will ever gratefully remember his name.

A writer lately said that this library business was being overdone, and was working injury to the business of the world. Every one recognizes the tremendous power of the press, that our reading molds our character and governs our actions, and so the truth or falsity of said writer's opinion will appear according to what we read.

Does one desire reading for educational growth, for mental discipline, for moral uplift, then he chooses reading on that line and for that purpose, thereby becoming a better man, a more useful citizen, and more successful in any legitimate business. Does one desire reading for sensationalism, excitation, to revel in the absurd and impossible fancies of a brain under the influence of a stimulant or narcotic, then he or she chooses that kind of reading (of which the world is full and public and private libraries contain altogether too much), and by constant association with minds of that character one is well-nigh unfitted for the plodding duties of an honest business life, becoming sensual, devilish, and gliding insensibly into the ranks of the criminal class.

How often does the young man, led from the path of rectitude, plunge to the depths of infamy until he loses all semblance to manhood by associating with dissolute characters made lustrous and seductive by the clever pen of the writer of fiction! How often is the clear, pure mind of woman soiled, her character ruined, "Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell," and the concluding and crowning manifestation of God's creative power, and earth's sweetest creature,—woman,—becomes the vilest of earth's vile, cast down by popular reading permeated with sensuality and vice. How often does one who has been nurtured and trained in evangelical faith become lost in the obscure mazes of agnosticism, or engulfed in the maelstrom of open infidelity, by reading the cunningly devised fables of Paine, Ingersoll, and others of like trend!

I was minded to speak on this line from a statement made to me by a member of your board of library trustees, who stated that there were many objectionable books in your public library. I call your attention to this undesirable state of things with the expectation that the remedy will be applied.

I am very sure it is the desire of the donor and the hope of the donee that this gift may prove a blessing rather than otherwise, and to bring to pass this desirable consummation a strict censorship must be placed over it and no books placed upon its shelves unless carefully examined by a competent committee chosen for that purpose, and works of fiction should be read entire and none admitted unless clear of vice, profanity, and infidelity. This is done in other places, with the result that they have clean and well appointed libraries.

Agur, son of Jakeh, said "There are three things that are never satisfied; yea, four things say not, it is enough." Were the old gentleman now living in Pittsfield I am sure he would make it five. In order that you may reap the full benefit of Mr. Carpenter's beneficence the library should be well supplied with books, papers, and magazines of the latest; should be open every day, Sundays excepted, with an intelligent librarian in constant attendance, whose delight it shall be to make patrons welcome, and who is competent to assist and advise in the selection of reading matter, and who will keep everything decently and in order.

Pittsfield is a goodly place in which to dwell and you would do those good who turn in with you, but there are spots in your feasts of charity, which should be marked dangerous. They are a menace to the life and character of your young people, and as they cannot be removed, it is your imperative duty to counteract as far as possible their malign influence by surrounding said young people with an atmosphere of purity and cleanliness, by interesting them in some way, and keeping them from being drawn into the way of the simple.

You will remember the well-known incident how Æneas in one of his journeys was to pass the home of the sirens. They possessed such powers of beauty and music that they drew the



MR. NATHANIEL S. DRAKE.







BANQUET SCENE.

unwary mariner to destruction. He, knowing their tremendous power for evil, saved himself and crew by causing Orpheus, the sweetest musician, to give them so much sweeter music while passing that their attention was held and he and his crew passed on safely. In a word, the good must be surrounded with greater attractions than the evil.

Not the least among the means to hold the young people are the attractions which may be placed in and about this library building, which has just been intrusted to your keeping. By furnishing it as a reading-room, with the latest magazines and papers, you will keep some from dangerous resorts, and from the sirens who would lure them to destruction, and make it a saving power which will be felt through the cycles of eternity.

This brings us to the thought expressed a moment since of unsatisfied wants. To obtain the greatest benefit from this gift, you need a fund the income of which may be used for the equipment and running of the same. While you as a town may not plead poverty, your financial condition is such that you would scarcely be justified in expending the full amount which might with advantage be used in realizing the possibilities contained in this gift.

Ladies and gentlemen, watch out for some one who will, by establishing a fund for the purposes just mentioned, confer an inestimable boon upon this people, and place his or her name on the roll of honor, as a benefactor of this town and the race, beside the honored names of James Joy, J. W. White, Josiah Carpenter, and others. If any of you ladies and gentlemen are contemplating this matter, let me charge you not to wait for a more convenient season, but do it now, that the benedictions of a grateful people may be yours to enjoy while life remains.

The vogue of the world now seems to be for persons of wealth to make bequests and execute them personally, thus opening up a source of pleasure which will be a joy forever, and avoiding the possibility of a *post-mortem* execution of said bequests not altogether in harmony with the will of the



testator. Mr. Carpenter has just given you a notable example, and we gladly call your attention to it as eminently worthy of emulation.

I venture the conclusion that the donor of this library building, amid the unavoidable perplexities which came to him during the inception and construction of the same, has experienced rare pleasure in watching this beautiful structure as it arose in its beauty to full completion. Thus it is ever to one who but speaks a kind word, does a generous deed, or radiates the sunshine of benevolence and charity from a heart and life permeated with these same graces.

You must allow me to refer to the generous act of one of your distinguished citizens, who, by sacrifice which many would not have made, rendered it possible to locate this building on the site where it will conserve to the convenience of all. You may know that reference is made to S. J. Winslow, who had made a beautiful home for himself and loved ones, and with wealth to enjoy the luxury of spacious and well appointed lawns, yet denied himself the pleasure of these for the public good. All honor to the man who lays his own advantage by to do good to his neighbor.

We would not be unmindful of the fact that Mrs. Carpenter took great interest in this project, ably seconding her husband, and assisting with intelligent suggestion, for which she has our heartiest thanks, and the memory of that interest taken in the welfare of the people of her old home will ever be cherished in grateful hearts.

And now, Mr. Carpenter, allow me again to thank you for what you have done for us, and assure you that we shall so cherish and care for it that you may never have cause to regret your action, but trust that it may ever be a source of pleasure and a perennial joy, and as in mind you often return to your old home you may know that through your kind act intellectual growth is encouraged and moral tone elevated, and, looking down the years,—from the durable appearance of the structure we may well say centuries,—you see generations yet unborn reaping its benefits, and looking upon that honorable

superscription pronounce benedictions upon the name of Josiah Carpenter, as one man whose life reminds us—

“We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

The following telegram, just received, was read by the President:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Aug. 21, 1901.

A Californian sends greetings to Pittsfield's honored son, Josiah Carpenter, for the beautiful milestone dedicated today to guide generations to come.

(Signed)

DAVID HEWES.

#### THE BANQUET.

The collation which was provided at the noontide hour was served upon two lines of tables extending the entire length of the park from the Main-street sidewalk to the area in front of the Free Baptist Church. The large and efficient committee, of which Mr. John T. Harvey was chairman, had planned with rare forecast and bountiful estimate for this important part of the celebration, and in response to their solicitation the townspeople, with their proverbial generosity on such occasions, had provided a superabundance of luscious viands, which were served in as prompt and systematic a manner as would have done credit to the best hotel of the land.

There were not less than two thousand people served during the intermission between the forenoon and afternoon exercises, and the scene around the tables was as animated as it was picturesque. One of the successful amateurs—Miss Margaret Hook—so skillfully operated her camera that she obtained quite a satisfactory picture of the scene of festivity.

No sooner had the guests satisfied their hunger than there was a movement toward the beautiful new library building on the opposite side of the street, which had been thrown open for the inspection of the visitors. A pleasant surprise awaited

all who passed through its inner portals; for, suspended on the walls, on either side of the opening to the stack-room, were to be seen two magnificent oil paintings of Mr. Josiah Carpenter and his estimable wife. Involuntarily every one paused in admiration of these beautiful creations of the painter's art, as they looked down as if greeting those who had entered the structure reared through the munificence of Mr. Carpenter. The portraits are life-size, three quarters length, and were painted by Jean Paul Selinger, one of Boston's most noted portrait painters.

After viewing the new building in all its exquisite design and tasteful furnishings, the people spent the remainder of the time in social converse, many long-separated friends meeting in groups upon the campus, or along the beautifully shaded thoroughfare, and exchanging greetings; also calling to remembrance the scenes and incidents of bygone days.

#### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The exercises of Old Home Day proper were introduced at 3 o'clock by a selection from the Second Regiment Band, at the conclusion of which the entire assembly joined in singing the familiar song, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Another telegram, addressed to President Tuttle, was next read by him, as follows:

PARK RIDGE, ILL., Aug. 21, 1901.

*Hon. H. A. Tuttle, Pittsfield, N. H.:*

Greeting and congratulations to old friends. Sincere regrets that I cannot be with you.

ELIZABETH GREEN CARPENTER.

Prayer was next offered by Rev. Edmund A. Burnham of Stafford Springs, Conn., who very graciously performed the service assigned to his father, Rev. Dr. Michael Burnham of St. Louis, Mo., who at the last moment found himself unavoidably prevented from being present. Following this devotional exercise the choir sang with fine effect a selection entitled "Welcome Home," at the conclusion of which the president, Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle, delivered his address of greeting. Mr. Tuttle said:



REV. EDMUND A. BURNHAM.

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## ADDRESS OF HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

It affords me great pleasure to greet so many old citizens and friends of Pittsfield here today. We are to be congratulated in having, among other distinguished speakers, our two United States senators. The people of Pittsfield have looked forward to this event for weeks, and have done their best to make the home-coming a happy and joyous occasion, and I feel sure that the memory of this day will linger long in the minds of all who are privileged to enjoy the exercises. The Old Home Week idea is one that appeals to us all. However humble the home of our childhood may have been, or however hard our lot in the early days of our existence, the heart ever turns to the scenes of early life, and incidents are recalled which we would not for the world forget. The old house may have disappeared, every trace of what was once home may have been removed, but still the mind wanders to the old scenes, and a feeling of devotion and loyalty to our old home sweeps over every heart as we pause to recount the past. It is fortunate that such is the fact. In the rush and ceaseless activity of the present, it is well that the mind can be diverted to other scenes and find comfort and rest in the contemplation of other days; hence the significance of this anniversary.

To all the towns of our state men and women will return who have long been absent. They will revisit the old home, if it still remains, or if it is gone, they will make loving pilgrimages to the places where father and mother, and brothers and sisters, were wont to assemble before the tumult of life had reached their ears, or the ambitions of the world had taken them from their native state. What memories will be revived, and what lessons of loving self-sacrifice will be carried back to homes in distant parts of our land by those who will visit New Hampshire during this month of joyous celebration!

Love of home, love of family, love of friends—what more sacred or elevating thought than this? It is better than wealth or fame; it elevates the mind, ennobles the soul, and

lifts us from the sordid things of life to the contemplation of higher and nobler themes.

Pittsfield does well to celebrate the day, and in her name I welcome you all to our beautiful town, and to the warm greetings and generous entertainments of the warm-hearted and hospitable people. Whatever is here is yours, and I trust that the strangers here today may carry to their homes pleasant and grateful remembrances of this interesting festal occasion.

The address was followed by the introduction of the orator of the occasion, Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, senior United States senator from New Hampshire, who spoke as follows:

### ADDRESS OF HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

An invitation to Pittsfield, whether for pleasure or service, is never lightly esteemed by me. Here I have had some of the best friends that it has been any man's privilege to enjoy, and if I have succeeded in satisfying their just requirements, in the service I have rendered to the state and nation, no higher or better reward can be desired.

In responding to your call, to celebrate with you Old Home Day, I beg to assure you of my appreciation of the invitation. It is a day of special interest to every loyal citizen of the state, and of unusual significance to those who have journeyed from far or near to revisit the scenes of early life. It is a joyous home-coming to some, and to others a sad reminder of loved ones who have passed beyond, and of friends who are not here to welcome their return. In many cases the old home, fondly cherished during the years of absence, will have disappeared, and weeds and shrubs and trees will occupy the spot where the old house stood. But even then the recollection of childhood's happy days,—of the fields, the brook, the well, the schoolhouse,—of father and mother, sister and brother,—will rekindle in the soul loving memories, and strengthen and intensify the ties that bind us to the place that gave us birth,



HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER.





and the scenes that are associated with our boyhood or girlhood days.

A few years ago I occupied a seat directly opposite an aged couple in a railroad train from Montreal. They had evidently traveled quite a distance, and as soon as they entered Vermont they became greatly interested in the scenery. The hills and valleys were alike a delight to their eyes, and when, after enjoying the scenery along the railroad, they caught from a distance a glimpse of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks the old gentleman turned to his wife, and, with a tremor in his voice, pathetically said: "After all, Mary, this is God's country." As we journeyed along they addressed a question to me, and as we became somewhat acquainted they told me that they were both New Hampshire born, and that they had married in early life and gone to the then far West. As the country grew they pushed farther westward, and for nearly half a century had lived in a prairie state, where they had accumulated a competence. This was their first return to the home of their childhood, and as they saw the fields and hills and lakes of New England, and contrasted them with the monotony of the prairies on which they had so long lived, no wonder the exclamation came to the heart and lips, "After all, this is God's country." It was the true spirit of Old Home Week involuntarily expressed, and it represented the feelings that will come to the hearts of thousands who today are back from distant homes to once more enjoy a few days of recreation and pleasure in the old Granite State.

It is fortunate for the world that no man is too great to be moved by the recollections of the past. A few days ago I came across a little poem, written by the greatest man New Hampshire has produced. Daniel Webster was unquestionably one of the few really great men of the world, and it is interesting to know the fact that in the year 1839, while visiting the city of London, he wrote these words, the caption being "The Memory of the Heart":

"If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,  
We keep them in the memory of the brain;  
Names, things, and facts—whate'er we knowledge call,  
There is the common ledger for them all;  
And images on this cold surface traced  
Make slight impressions and are soon effaced.  
But we've a page more glowing and more bright,  
On which our friendship and our love to write.  
That these may never from the soul depart,  
We trust them to the memory of the heart.  
There is no dimming—no effacement there;  
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;  
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,  
Nor lose their luster till the heart stands still."

Who can doubt that when that great man, whose wonderful intellect had brought honor and renown to two commonwealths, and whose fame was known the world over, wrote those lines his mind wandered back to Salisbury, the town of his birth, and to Franklin, where he spent so many happy days in the companionship of friends and admirers.

In what I shall say today I propose to speak not only of the place which we call our home, but also of the state and nation, without which home life would be impossible. The nation is the heart of our system of government, from which flows the life-blood to the state, and from thence to the town, the village, and the home, and no man is a true patriot or American whose affection does not go out from the narrow circle of his everyday life to the broader interests of the country in which he lives, and of which he is proud to be called a citizen.

The best advice I can give you today is to be loyal to your town, and united in all that tends to develop and improve it. See that the laws are obeyed, the schools and churches liberally supported, and all reasonable public improvements adequately provided for. Nature has done much for Pittsfield, much to delight the eyes of her citizens and to attract the attention and admiration of the stranger, but it remains for you, men and women of the town, to see that the streets are kept clean, the roads made good, the cemeteries lovingly cared for, the

churches, schools, and library liberally supported, the homes made inviting, and everything done that is possible to add to the beauty and attractiveness of the place.

What of the state? New Hampshire is small in area, but nevertheless she has within herself all the elements of a great state. As Homer said of Ithaca, so may we say of New Hampshire, "Rugged are her hills and sterile is her soil, but she is the nursing mother of great men." She surely has been in the past the nursing mother of great men, and with her libraries, her academies, her public schools, her churches, and her colleges there seems to be no good reason why her future should not be as resplendent as her past.

Some one has attributed to Daniel Webster the saying that New Hampshire is a good state to emigrate from. Webster was too loyal to the state of his nativity to utter such a slander against her. If such an utterance ever was made by a son of New Hampshire it was by a man of different mold from the great expounder and defender of the constitution. It is nearer the truth to say, as one of the Old Home Week invitations that I have received has it, "New Hampshire is a good state to be born in, a good state to live in, and a good state to return to." And it might have been added that New Hampshire is a good state to die in, for the glory of her hills, the beauty of her lakes, and the ozone of her valleys give hope and courage to the failing heart and the dimmed eye.

Notwithstanding the croakings of the pessimist and the prophet of evil, some of whom still abide with us, New Hampshire is doing well in the intense social and industrial struggle of the present age. She has some abandoned farms, but not more, in proportion to her population, than some other New England, Western, and Southern states. She has a public library in every town but twenty-four in the entire state, and fourteen of these towns are now engaged in raising money to establish libraries. Dartmouth College has taken on new life, and under the able administration of one of the leading educators of the country has bounded into the front rank of American institutions of learning, while our schools, our

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churches, our mills, and our homes are the pride and admiration of all.

In the matter of increase of population New Hampshire is outstripping some of the other New England states. In the last twenty years our state has gained in population 64,597, while Maine gained only 45,330, and Vermont 31,355. Our gain was 16 per cent, while that of Vermont was only  $6\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, and that of Maine only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

In agriculture we are doing fairly well, notwithstanding our inability to compete with the great agricultural states of the Northwest in producing wheat, corn, wool, cattle, etc., or some of the Southern and the Pacific Coast states in the production of fruit. The census shows that New Hampshire produces more per acre than most of the other states, and while it costs more to cultivate our soil than in some other parts of the country, there is much left to encourage the New Hampshire farmer. He has a home market for his products, and by intelligence, industry, and thrift can gain a good return for his labor.

In manufacturing New Hampshire occupies a leading place, and it is a matter of pride to us all that the Merrimack river, a comparatively small stream, turns more spindles than any other river in the world.

The city of Manchester last year manufactured goods which sold for twenty-one millions of dollars, six and a half millions being paid in wages. Add to this the product of the mills and factories of Nashua, Concord, Dover, Portsmouth, Laconia, Rochester, Berlin, Somersworth, Suncook, Franklin, Salmon Falls, and a score of other places that might be named, and the aggregate will astonish every one. And in this connection it is interesting to note the fact that the largest mill in the world has just been completed in the city of Manchester.

It is safe to say that no other state has a larger relative number of depositors or a larger relative amount in savings banks than New Hampshire. Before the hard times which overtook the people in 1893 almost one half of our population had deposits in the savings institutions of the state, a condi-

tion of things unparalleled in the whole world. At the present time over one third of our people have deposits in the savings banks. During the four years from 1893 to 1897 the deposits decreased nearly twenty millions of dollars, but, notwithstanding that, they today stand at the enormous sum of over sixty-six millions of dollars, being an increase in the past year of nearly five millions, and an increase in the number of depositors of 5,916, clearly showing that confidence in our banks has been fully restored. The deposits today amount to over one hundred and sixty dollars for every man, woman, and child in the state, which probably is unequaled by any other state in the Union.

In addition to this the assets of the building and loan associations of the state are nearly two millions of dollars, and the holdings of our people in railroad, manufacturing, and other stocks represent an enormous amount. It will thus be seen that our condition as a people is one of unusual prosperity, which we are gratified to be able to present to those who have gone out from the state to other and, as they believe, more inviting fields.

On this day of commemoration and home-coming we may as a people well rejoice and be glad, and join with our beloved Whittier in his tribute to the state:

"God bless New Hampshire! From her granite peaks  
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks."

Yes, and on this Old Home Day the voices of Webster, of Chase, of Cass, of Wilson, of Chandler, of Grimes, of Greeley, of Dana, of Fessenden, of Dix, of Butler, of Wentworth, and the other great men who were born here, who left our state to give renown to other commonwealths, and who are now numbered with the dead, echo and re-echo in our hearts, making us feel a pardonable pride in the fact that New Hampshire is our home, and that these hills, mountains, and valleys are our heritage. Let us, then, be loyal to our traditions, loyal to our institutions, loyal to our dear old state, and all will be well with New Hampshire. We are not going to forget New Hampshire.

"Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet the sun;  
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers shun;  
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways decline,  
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to a shrine!"

What of the nation? Much has been said of late about the United States being a "world power." Why, my friends, we have always been a world power from the time New Hampshire men fought at Bunker Hill, and under Stark vanquished the British army at Bennington. True, we are infinitely greater and stronger now than ever before, but in all our history permanent defeat has never come to the army or the navy of the United States. Not only is this nation capable of defending herself, but she is the natural protector of weak nations, and under her beneficent influence the blessings of free institutions will be gradually extended to all parts of the world. The United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, will see to it that no monarchical government is established on this continent, and the further extension of European colonization on American soil will not be tolerated. As a distinguished American jurist recently said,—

"The United States is now regarded as a factor and an important one in the solution of the world's problems in which she is interested. Foreign governments which have long-neglected claims arising from mistreatment of our citizens no longer permit disrespectful conduct towards them, and are not unmindful of their rights. The world has come to know that to be an American citizen in every quarter of the globe implies the protection of a nation alive to the interests of its citizens, however distant, however humble. This by no means indicates that we have become or are likely to become a world power in the sense that we shall adopt the policy of promoting our own aggrandizement at the expense of weak and defenceless peoples. It does mean the maintenance of our rights abroad, wherever they may be assailed."

The recent payment by Turkey of the indemnity demanded by our government for losses sustained during the Armenian troubles is a case in point, indicating the wholesome respect that is now felt for us in all parts of the world.

I do not propose to bore you with lengthy statistics, and yet I cannot refrain from calling attention to the wonderful commercial and industrial progress of our country. It reads like a romance, and cannot fail to challenge the admiration of all mankind. In 1875, the United Kingdom led the world in exports, France being second, Germany third, and the United States fourth, our exports being less than one half those of the United Kingdom. Year by year we gained on our rivals, until in 1900 we passed them all, taking front rank, which we still hold, and from which we will probably never be deposed.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, last, we exported the enormous amount of \$1,487,000,000 worth of merchandise, and we imported in round numbers \$822,000,000, leaving a balance in our favor of about \$665,000,000, so that for each and every working day in the year we had to our credit a trade margin of more than two million dollars. The mere statement of this fact almost staggers the imagination. During the year we had a surplus of receipts over expenditures of nearly \$78,000,000, notwithstanding the extraordinary expenses consequent upon the troubles in the Philippine archipelago.

We have in the treasury vaults an enormous amount of gold and silver, stated by some to be the largest treasure ever accumulated anywhere in the world at one time. The federal treasury is literally overflowing with gold, and the secretary of the treasury is cancelling the obligations of the government by the purchase of bonds, for the purpose of keeping down the accumulation. I feel sure that no one will accuse me of injecting politics into these exercises when I say that in this country all money heresies are dead beyond the hope of resurrection, and that our wisdom in conforming our financial system to that of the other great commercial nations of the world has been fully demonstrated.

Again, the cry that there wasn't money enough in circulation to do the business of the country has been absolutely stopped. As an illustration of the great increase of the circulating medium it is sufficient to cite the fact that the circu-



lation August 1, 1900, was \$2,189,000,000, while on August 1, 1901, it was \$2,497,000,000, showing an increase of over \$300,000,000 in the last year, and the per capita circulation is by far the largest in our entire history.

The United States has a population equal to 48-10 per cent of the population of the entire world. Our wealth is 25 per cent of the whole world; our gold production, 25 per cent; our silver production, 33 per cent; our corn production, 75 per cent; our wheat production, 25 per cent; our hay production, 26 per cent; our butter and cheese production, 27 per cent; our egg production, 50 per cent; our agricultural products, 44 per cent; our meat products, 38 per cent; our fish products, 31 per cent; our petroleum products, 50 per cent; our coal production, 40 per cent; our copper production, 60 per cent; our iron ore production, 33 per cent; our steel production, 40 per cent; our manufactures, 37½ per cent; our railroad mileage, 40 per cent; our life insurance in force, 67 per cent; our savings bank deposits, 36 per cent; our expenditures for public education, 40 per cent. What a wonderful record that is!

Again, while we are less than 5 per cent of the population of the world we consume 68 per cent of the corn production of the world, 17 per cent of the wheat, 25 per cent of the oats, 26 per cent of the cotton, 17 per cent of the wool, 25 per cent of the sugar, 46 per cent of the coffee, 38 per cent of the meat, and 31 per cent of the fish. If we are not halted in our wonderful development and progress the United States will in another generation equal in production, consumption, and wealth the rest of the world combined.

And now let me say a word about our new acquisitions, and the part we have played in driving Spain from this continent and making Cuba free. I count it the greatest privilege of my life that I was permitted by voice and vote to have an humble part in the accomplishment of that result.

A leading New Hampshire newspaper recently printed an editorial, in which it was attempted to be shown that the statements made by General Woodford, our minister to Spain,

and certain senators who visited Cuba prior to the war, as to the destruction of human life on the island of Cuba by the cruel methods of the Spanish military commander were grossly exaggerated. To prove this the editor says that the population of Cuba before we intervened was 1,600,000, while it was found to be by General Sanger, who took a census under the authority of our government in 1899, 1,572,787, or less by only 27,213 than what it was prior to the war. This editor says that we were "fooled into a humanitarian paroxysm in 1898." It is sufficient to say in reply that no accurate census had ever been taken in Cuba prior to our occupation, and the statement that Cuba had a population of 1,600,000 souls was a guess and nothing more.

I was in Cuba in 1898, just preceding the war, and witnessed horrors that no tongue or pen can adequately portray, and which no editor at this late day can disprove or belittle. On the 23d of March, 1898, I gave the result of my observations to the senate, and I stand by every word that I uttered on that occasion. The cruelties and wretchedness that I witnessed can never be forgotten, but will always remain a sad and terrible memory.

We intervened in behalf of Cuba, first, on the ground of humanity, and secondly, on the ground of self-interest. The harbor of Havana was a pest hole, from which yellow fever reached our shores every year, entailing a loss of millions upon millions of dollars upon the people of our Southern cities, and seriously disturbing the commerce of the entire country. Spain would do nothing to mitigate this evil, but in two short years we have absolutely stamped out the disease, and made Havana a clean and healthy city. Under our guidance Cuba is to try the experiment of self-government. No one can now tell what the result will be, but if she fails she can turn to her friend and protector, the United States, and by becoming a part of this great republic enjoy the blessings and benefits of freedom and independence.

You know the story of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Porto Rico received our troops with open arms, and in return

congress dealt generously and munificently with the people of the island. Today Porto Rico is more prosperous and happy than ever before in her history, with a future full of hope and promise. She is a gem in the coronet of our possessions, and in addition to her commercial value will become a winter sanitarium for the American people.

The Philippines came to us in an apparently providential way. God's clock had struck the hour of high noon for Spanish power on this continent. Hundreds of years of oppression and brutality were to end, and the United States was the instrumentality chosen for the accomplishment of the purpose. But no one dreamed that it would result in giving us dominion over the Philippine archipelago. Manila bay, with its wonderful victory, was a surprise to the entire body of the American people. It was a glorious triumph, and a fitting prelude to the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago. The fortunes of war gave us the Philippine islands, and national honor and national interest both demand that we shall retain them, which we propose to do. Neither the foolish cry of imperialism nor the absurd charge of commercialism will deter us from doing our full duty to the people thus committed to our charge. We will give them good laws, will deal liberally with them in all things, and under God will lift them from semi-barbarism to the high plane of enlightened Christian citizenship.

We have extended our boundaries wonderfully. Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines, and Tutuila, in the Samoan group, are American territory today. It seems incredible, and yet it is so. Difficult problems are before us, but they will be wisely and successfully solved, and our children and our children's children will look upon our victory over Spain in the same spirit that we recount the triumph of American arms in the wars that preceded it.

Let us today, as we recount the blessings of home and friends, renew our devotion to the interests of the state we love and the nation whose honor we will ever defend. It is related that when Hannibal was encamped before the gates

of Rome the piece of ground occupied by his camp was put up for sale, and notwithstanding it was in possession of a hostile army it brought its usual price. In this way the Romans indicated their unshaken confidence in a final victory over the Carthaginians, even when they could not put an army into the field to face them. The lesson is simple,—loyalty to home, to the town in which we live, to the state of our choice, to the nation to which we look for protection. The genuine Old Home Week idea will thus be exemplified, and the hearts of all will gain hope and inspiration for the duties, the responsibilities, the labors of life. And as we do honor to our state and nation we can turn tenderly and tearfully to the dearest spot on earth, and out of a loving heart repeat those beautiful words:

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.”

Welcome, thrice welcome, the return of all who have wandered from our state, and may the blessing of God be theirs and ours, until all have joined in a reunion that will know no separation, and that will last through the eternities.

As we today think tenderly of our homes, cherish our state, and admire the imperial and powerful nation in which we so happily live, and as the knowledge of future duties and responsibilities press upon us as a people, what better can we do than to adopt the heroic and thrilling words of Kipling,—

“God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine,—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!”

A stirring cornet solo by Mr. Nevers, entitled “Tramp, Tramp,” was next enjoyed by the audience, receiving a deserved encore, following which the “Old Home Day” poem, written by Mrs. Mary H. Wheeler, was read by Mrs. Hattie F. T. Folsom. It is here reproduced:

## OLD HOME DAY.

Up from Old Hampton came Squire John Cram,  
Ax on his shoulder to blaze the dark way,  
Here by the ledges he made his rude dam,  
Wrought like the beavers in tree trunks and clay.

Up from Old Hampton, and through the north woods,  
By John Cram's blazes and Indian trail,  
Followed the settlers with household goods,  
Plodding along over mountain and vale.

What sought they here in the forest of pines,  
Bridging the streams where the water was deep,  
Making the clearings and running the lines?  
Stony the soil and the hillsides were steep.

What sought they here where the wolf wandered free?  
Indians, still hostile, around them might roam;  
Safe were the marshes and fields by the sea.  
What sought they here? What, indeed, but a home?

These are the acres they toiled to subdue,  
Yonder the hills where their dwellings were found.  
By their rude hearthstones their families grew,  
Grew like the crops on the new-burned ground.

Read the old records and think of them here,  
Laying out highways all up hill and down,  
Guarding their rights with a rigor severe,  
Building their fences and shaping a town!

Think of them breaking the root-bound sod,  
Or while still hewing on some giant tree,  
Planning a house for the worship of God,  
Ample, like that in the town by the sea!

Think of the mothers who wrought at the loom,  
Weaving the clothing for children and sires!  
Think of them wielding the green hemlock broom,  
And cooking their food by the huge open fires!

Teaching their children while yet in their youth  
Courtesy, quiet observance of rules,  
Lessons in virtue and lessons in truth,  
Too much neglected in our later schools.



MRS. HATTIE F. T. FOLSOM.



Of the vicissitudes as they befell  
Those early settlers, daring and bold—  
Perils they met,—it is not ours to tell;  
In the town's history let them be told.

"Seventeen hundred and eighty-two,"  
So reads the record, the fathers saw fit  
That Chichester ranges be bounded anew,  
Leaving a town named for good William Pitt.

Little by little the forests went down,  
One after one the rough acres were cleared,  
Pittsfield becoming a beautiful town  
Ere by the river this village appeared.

"Not as the fathers came come we today,  
Gone are the blazes and Indian trails,  
No ancient forests o'ershadowed the way  
As we came rushing along on the rails.

"Came this dear village, these hills to behold,  
Places we loved in our earlier days;  
Not of those primitive men to be told,—  
Why should we think of their dreary old ways?

"Why should we care for the worst or the best  
When we no longer their faces recall?  
Let them remain where they laid them to rest,  
In the old graveyard behind the town hall.

"This is our day, it is our Old Home Day,  
Why must you now that old story rehearse?"  
So I am hearing my audience say;  
"Weave later themes in the web of your verse!

"Tell us of somebody we used to know,  
When the old factory dam roared by the bridge,  
Stores gay with goods graced the street just below,  
Then the Swetts lived upon yonder green ridge.

"Say, do you know where the gristmill stood?  
Where the old trip-hammer beat its tattoo?  
Where just beyond, at the edge of the wood,  
Climbing the alders, the wild grapes grew?

"Do you remember who kept No. 1?  
Where Billy Osgood and Remick kept store?  
How the old tavern sign swung in the sun?  
How many steps at the meeting-house door?



"Which is the Dowboro' road? Can you say?  
 Where is the pool where the frogs used to sing?  
 And do you think you could show us the way  
 Past the old schoolhouse to Granny White's spring?

"Where are the children who joined in our plays?  
 Who were the pastors who preached? Can you tell?  
 Where are the people we met Sabbath days,  
 All called to church by the factory bell?

"Where is Ruth Leavitt, where blind Reuben Cram?  
 John Berry, John Thorndike; are they living still?  
 Lives George L. Nutter beyond the White dam?  
 Are the Batchelders farming upon Concord hill?

"Where are the Berrys, the Frenches, the Drakes?  
 Where are the Treats and the Sandersons all?  
 Where are the Norrises, Greens, and the Blakes,  
 And the many, so many, whose names we recall?"

\* \* \* \* \*

We lift the curtain and again we seek  
 To play the scenes we once enacted here—  
 With older tongues of younger times to speak,  
 And bid their vanished pleasures reappear.

The stage is here, the scenery in place,  
 The footlights blazing and the people come,  
 And, lo! the actors standing face to face,  
 Are listening all for voices that are dumb.

The rose once withered will not bloom again,  
 The ashes of the past will never burn,  
 Outlived emotions one may seek in vain,  
 Our yesterdays can nevermore return;

And yet 'tis something here again to meet  
 With those we love, old friendships to renew;  
 To walk more slowly where our younger feet  
 Went bounding through;

To mark improvements,—do we call them so?  
 Ah, yes, the world moves on, 'tis understood;  
 We would not have the old town fall below  
 The standard of the age in aught of good,—

To view the landmarks that unchanged remain,  
 To bridge with thought the stream of time that flows  
 Between the past and present, and again  
 Compare the old and new, these days and those;





SHERBURNE J. WINSLOW, ESQ.

To think of those who are not here today,  
Of forms beloved and faces known so well,  
Hands we have clasped, now folded white away,  
And lips that nevermore their tale can tell;

To wander where our kindred dead are laid,  
And learn the lesson God through them has given,  
So may this Old Home Day to us be made  
A blessed milestone on the way to heaven.

The next speaker was one of the town's honored citizens,—one of its representatives to the last state legislature,—S. J. Winslow, Esq. Mr. Winslow's address was greatly enjoyed, covering, as it did, much of the past history of the town, with intensely interesting sketches of its illustrious characters. It is herewith given in full:

### ADDRESS OF S. J. WINSLOW, ESQ.

When asked by the president of this association to speak of the distinguished citizens of Pittsfield, now deceased, I very readily accepted the invitation, thinking that full justice could be done to the memory of the departed by a very brief recital that would include all worthy of presentation on this occasion. But when I began to unfold the record of our beloved town and trace the life work of its children, then I began to realize that hours, instead of minutes, would be required to do even partial credit to the distinguished families of Pittsfield. When I began to recall the names of those noted for their influence in the upbuilding of communities, the establishing of enterprises, the organizing and directing of the educational systems of new sections of our country, and in one notable instance the framing and administering of the jurisprudence of one of the largest states in our Union, with many names of those worthy of all praise for thrift and enterprise in the *humbler walks* of life, then I began to see that time would preclude the narration, and I must be satisfied to omit much that I should feel great pride and pleasure in relating, much that no doubt every member of this audience would be

glad to hear of the successes and achievements of individuals who have been citizens of this community, and I know your hearts would glow with pride and admiration for the honors conferred on the town of their nativity or adoption. But we must be content with brief allusions to many that are deserving of extended mention, and perhaps even to omit some equally worthy of tribute with those whose names may appear in this incomplete memorial.

To Squire John Cram belongs the distinction of being the first settler and laying the foundation of what today is Pittsfield. When he came here in 1768, this town was a part of Chichester. It is needless to say that Squire Cram was an enterprising, go-ahead man. He secured something over one thousand acres of virgin territory, largely covered with pine forests, built the first sawmill, and naturally attracted other settlers. After the town was incorporated he was for many years the principal manager of its affairs, and his descendants have always been among the leading citizens of the community.

To James Joy, who came here from Barnstead, although originally from Durham, I think, we owe the credit of establishing the first industries for the employment of skilled labor. He it was who built and operated a scythe factory, in which a large business was carried on under his management. Through his influence, also, the first textile manufactory was established, and he may truthfully be called the father of our manufacturing industries. Mr. Joy was a shrewd, broad-minded, far-seeing business man, as well as one of the most public-spirited citizens this town ever had. The beautiful common, that is the pride of our village, we owe mainly to his discernment and generosity. From him our educational and religious institutions received assistance, both in the way of advice and material aid. Had it not been for his suggestion, the Free Baptist Church building would have been located on Main street, taking a part of the present common and precluding the possibility of a park, as we now have it. A son of Mr. Joy, Mr. James F. Joy, at one time the principal of the old academy, was afterward the railroad king of the West, became

many times a millionaire, and was undoubtedly very much the wealthiest man that was ever a citizen of the town.

Turning, for a little, from the business to judicial, political, and professional life we find the Hon. Moses Norris standing out prominently and without question the most noted of our native-born citizens. Born on yonder hillside of sturdy, farming ancestry, he chose the legal profession, settled in his native town, and early gained a wide and lucrative practice. He was, however, destined to spend a large part of his mature years in the councils of his native state and the halls of our national congress, being seven times chosen to represent the town in the legislature, where he served as speaker for two sessions, also as councilor one year. The twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth congresses found him in the national house of representatives, and he served in the United States senate from March, 1849, to the day of his death, January 11, 1855. This is a record excelled by very few of the natives of our state, and during all his long public career no jobbery or breath of scandal ever smirched the name of Moses Norris. We are proud to be able to say that he was a son of Pittsfield, and we trust that the day is not far distant when the obscure resting-place (in our beautiful cemetery) of all that was mortal of the Hon. Moses Norris shall be marked by a suitable monument, a fitting recognition of his distinction, and of the appreciation of those who came after him.

Arthur F. L. Norris, a nephew, was a lawyer of more than ordinary ability, said to have been one of the best read of his time. He was a man of commanding appearance, possessing to a great degree that personal magnetism so potent with a jury.

Among our adopted citizens, coming here before his majority, the Hon. Lewis W. Clark occupies a very high position as one of the eminent men of Pittsfield. A Dartmouth graduate, he was for a time principal of the academy, but adopted the legal profession for a life work, rose to be a judge of the supreme court, and was its chief justice when he was retired by the age limit. Judge Clark was an orator of rare force and

ability, having a winning personality, which made him, as judge or individual, universally popular with his associates, both with the bar and society at large.

To Pittsfield the great and growing state of Minnesota owes much for its system of courts and legal practice, in the person of the late Hon. John M. Berry of St. Paul, who, after obtaining his legal education in his native state, very early settled in Minnesota, where he soon attracted attention by the thoroughness of his legal work. Eminence in his profession resulted in his elevation to the supreme bench of the state, where his decisions stand as some of the most profound documents ever handed down from that tribunal, being alike a credit to the court and an honor to the place of his nativity.

Pittsfield may claim, too, a debt of gratitude from that large and important state of Kansas, in the gift of one of her sons, the late Judge John Henry Prescott, who was born in that part of our town known as Dowborough, a section always noted for its substantial and influential families. Judge Prescott passed his boyhood and school days on his father's farm, enlisted as a private in the ranks on the breaking out of the Rebellion, and rose to be captain. At the close of the war he retired to private life, took up the study of law, and settled in Kansas, becoming one of its leading judges. He died in the full maturity of his powers, an honor to the state of his adoption and the town of his birth.

In this connection, I must also mention the name of that brilliant lawyer, Charles H. Butters. Although called away in early manhood he had already shown qualities that, had he lived, should have placed him at the forefront of the bar of New Hampshire, if not of New England.

Of my own generation, one of the brightest and most promising young lawyers was Scott French, who fell a victim to that dread "New England scourge," consumption, soon after his admission to the bar, undoubtedly a great loss to his native town.

Nehemiah Berry, a son of Joshua, did credit to his native town and the bar of Boston as a lawyer of sound and safe counsel.

Perhaps not properly included among our lawyers, since he became later more widely known as a manufacturer, was that sterling, broad-minded man, John J. Pillsbury, who came here from Northwood to practice his profession but a few years before turning his attention to manufacturing, in which he succeeded to an unusual degree. He was a man that would have succeeded in any calling; always careful, yet of quick and accurate discernment, honest to the core, John J. Pillsbury was one of nature's noblemen.

We remember Thomas H. Thorndike as a thorough lawyer, a counselor of unusual ability and great good judgment. His death, in 1888, left a vacancy in our community not easy to fill.

The name of Capt. Asa W. Bartlett, also known to us as a capable lawyer, will go down to future generations as one of the bravest men that ever risked his life for his country. Pittsfield, as the town of his adoption, may well be proud of the war record of Captain Bartlett.

Capt. Henry B. Leavitt began the practice of law in this town, but when his country called enlisted in its defense and fell, bravely leading his men, at Fort Wagner.

The untimely death of Aaron Whittemore took from us one of the most promising lawyers in the state and a citizen of great worth.

I feel that any mention of the lawyers of Pittsfield would be incomplete that did not include the name of Squire Benjamin Emerson, who came here from Gilmanton and will be recalled by the older ones of my audience as a man of solid worth and striking personality.

From her earliest days Pittsfield has enjoyed superior religious and educational privileges, the foundations of which were well laid by wise and able councils. In the early history of the Congregational Church, the Reverends Benjamin Sargent and Jonathan Curtis occupied prominent places, both of whom were men of ability who did much to advance the religious interests of the people. Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton, a strong-minded, forceful man of great executive ability, was



mainly instrumental in establishing the Free Baptist Church. Two of his sons, born here, became ministers, one of whom, Ebenezer, was at one time a member of congress from Maine. Of large influence in the Calvinist Baptist Church were the Reverends J. M. Coburn and E. E. Cummings.

Rev. Joseph Harvey, of the Adventist faith, devoted a large share of his mature years to holding religious meetings in this and neighboring towns, and in spite of the fact that in youth he had but limited educational advantages he became a preacher of extended influence. Rev. James Morrill is remembered as one of the truly good men of the "old school," who went about doing good.

Among the physicians of Pittsfield the names of Doctors Thomas Shannon, Jeremiah Blake, John S. Elliot, Charles T. Berry, William Proctor, O. P. Warren, J. C. Prescott, John G. Ladd, Abel Wares, R. P. J. Tenney, William A. Mack, and John Wheeler stand out prominently. When I say that each of these men was successful in his calling, to those who know what the life of a country physician was, and still is to a certain extent, its trials and its hardships, words are unnecessary to depict the sort of men these were.

Of this number Dr. Elliot was the leading physician of the town for many years, and by his extensive practice laid the foundation of a fortune which on his removal to Manchester was greatly increased, enabling him to give to the city the Elliot Hospital as a memorial to his name.

Dr. Tenney, coming here from Loudon in 1847, soon gained a wide and lucrative practice, which his genial and kindly manner, aside from his skill, enabled him to retain to the year of his death. He was a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical School in 1831, became a fellow of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1836, and was its president in 1867. He was a valued member of the governor's council during the years of 1861-63,—“the times that tried men's souls.” As a citizen he was always ready to lend his advice and assistance to whatever would increase the prosperity of his adopted town. He was one of the founders of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal

Church, and always one of its most liberal supporters, and by the munificence of his only child, Mrs. Abbie Tebbetts, this church has a generous benefaction from his estate. In his death, on June 16, 1876, the town not only lost a popular and successful physician but an esteemed and beloved citizen.

Dr. Berry was born in this town April 3, 1819, and was a son of Thomas Berry, a deacon in the Baptist Church. As a boy he was quiet and studious beyond his years, enabling him to graduate from Dartmouth College at the age of twenty in the class of 1839. Taking his medical degree from Columbia College in Washington, D. C., he settled in his native town in 1843 and remained here in the practice of his profession till the day of his death, January 9, 1855. Dr. Berry was one of those quiet, mild-mannered, thoughtful, and careful men who inspired confidence in all the walks of life, and his constantly increasing patronage was a proof of his ability as a physician and his worth as a citizen.

Dr. Wheeler came here from Barnstead, where he was born September 15, 1828. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1850. Securing his medical diploma from the Berkshire Medical Institute of Pittsfield, Mass., he commenced practice in his native town, coming to Pittsfield in 1859, where, with short intervals, he remained to the time of his death, December 21, 1900. In 1864 he was in Washington as contract surgeon in Carver United States Hospital, and also for a short time was with the Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers. He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society and its president in 1885. He was for years the leading surgeon in this section of the state. Dr. Wheeler was distinguished for his scholarly attainments and conscientious and thorough attention in the practice of his profession, as well as for his sterling manhood and Christian character.

Dr. Mack was a native of Gilmanton, where he was born October 23, 1824. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College and also of its medical school. Succeeding Dr. Berry, he came here from Chichester in 1855, where he had practiced some four years, but tiring of active professional life in a few years,

he entered the drug business, continuing in the same till his death, December 4, 1891. Dr. Mack was a man of very few words, modest and retiring to an unusual degree, yet affable and courteous in all the relations of life. He was a constant and thorough student, mastering several of the modern languages late in life, and acquiring an amount of scientific and literary knowledge equaled by very few men in any calling. Accurate to the minutest detail, he never gave an opinion on anything of which he was not absolutely sure. He has left a vacancy in our town.

I should be glad to further individualize and tell you much of their courage, their self-sacrifice, and their devotion, but I must pass on to say a word of the teachers of Pittsfield, and again I must permit myself but a brief mention of their names. Masters Kirby and Ordion are recorded as our pioneer teachers. The latter, who was town clerk for some years, was particularly noted for his beautiful penmanship, samples of it as seen in the old family Bibles being wonderfully artistic.

Conspicuous among our academy teachers have been Cephas Crane, Professor Niles, Nehemiah Berry, the Rev. Jonathan Curtis, who besides being a popular teacher of superior qualifications was an excellent pastor and an able preacher of the Congregational faith, E. F. Sherman, John P. Newell, George Stevens, Lewis W. Clark, Richard Hayes, Dyer H. Sanborn, Hosea Quimby, James A. Sanderson, and Henry H. Huse,—all men of superior attainments and ability. Of D. K. Foster, who stood at the head of our academy for a longer period than any of his predecessors, there are probably many within the sound of my voice who could testify to his grand scholarship and to his possession of that somewhat rarer gift, the ability to impart instruction. Until graded schools began to take its place,—and some of us question the improvement,—our academy ranked as one of the best in the state, and from its halls have gone forth pupils that have placed their names high upon the roll of fame.

The names of many old-time families that have given strength and character to Pittsfield might be mentioned, but

time forbids. From these families have come some of the leading citizens, not only of the place of their nativity but of other and important sections of our country.

Eastport, Me., is indebted to Pittsfield for the late John French, a leading and wealthy citizen. The state of California must bow to the Pittsfield Swetts for its educational system. The city of Decatur, Ill., recognizes as among its most valued citizens sons of the late Oliver P. Green and Thomas B. Randall. The town of Illiana, Ill., is under obligation for much of its prosperity to the sons of Col. Nathaniel Batchelder and Josiah Winslow. To the late Charles H. Green, a native, and William A. Hodgdon, an adopted citizen, St. Louis owes the high standard of musical education in her public schools.

The near-by city of Manchester delights to honor the name of the late John Cate French, as the man that has brought great credit and profit to that leading city of our state by his connection with the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company. Its inception and phenomenal success will be a lasting memorial to one of the best loved sons of our town. When Manchester took from us William H. Berry the town mourned, and well it might, for no more unselfish, high-minded, and honorable business man ever left its borders. Nashua's financial institutions and manufacturing enterprises owe much to the business acumen of J. Wilson White. The city of Boston may thank Pittsfield for one of its most noted historians in the person of the late Samuel G. Drake, whose works are among the standard authorities of New England.

Would that I had time to continue on this line, but I must forbear, and briefly—ah, too briefly—refer to some of the noble men who have made Pittsfield the scene of their active lives. For years Deacon Thomas Berry had the only sawmill in town, and was noted for his scrupulous honesty and industrious habits. James A. Treat, the agent of the cotton factory, is remembered as a citizen of great worth, unassuming, genial and kindly, a man that would be a helpful acquisition to any community. Mr. Daniel Sanderson, a splendid gentleman of the "old school," passed the last fifty or more years

of his life in this town, furnishing to the world a family of rare ability, culture, and influence. Uncle John Berry, as familiarly known, was a wide-awake, exceedingly active and thrifty man, always ready to help on any enterprise that would advance the prosperity of his native town. His imprint is seen all about us. As a merchant of the old time, John L. Thorndike stood high, a man of very few words, but long-headed and very cautious. The Hon. Reuben L. French was for years a leading merchant, as a citizen always interested in and identified with the educational, religious, and material welfare of his adopted town.

But whence came these men of energy and enterprise? We answer, for the most part from the farms of this and adjoining towns. Our farmers of earlier days have long been known for their thrift and intelligence, large and vigorous families, loaded barns, and well-filled granaries.

Maj. William Berry, on his uneven and rocky farm, high up on the mountain road, prospered with a household of eleven children, whose names have come down to us as Ned-Tom, Bill-John, Hannah-Hitty, Katie-Cotty, Isiah-Gill, and Abigail. Maj. James Drake with a family of twelve children, not one of whom died under sixty years of age, gained wealth and distinction as a farmer and business man.

I should not feel justified in omitting to refer to a few of the less widely known but equally honorable men that have served the town in the management of its public affairs. Such men as Abram French, 2d, Capt. Jonathan Towle, John T. Tucker, John L. French, Noah W. Drake, John B. Berry, Peter J. Hook, Sylvester H. French, Jeremiah Clark, and William C. Osgood, men who in the discharge of their official duties are a credit to their descendants and an honor to the town they so wisely, economically, faithfully, and honestly served.

What a source of inspiration to the young, what a gratification to those of maturer years, is the lesson of these illustrious sons of Pittsfield! Of what surpassing interest and importance would be the story of their early struggles and hardships, of





JOHN K. BERRY, ESQ.



the obstacles they met and subdued on their road to success; the finding, above all, the growth of strength and character that came to them from every hindrance overcome, from every ambition realized.

If any single listener shall gain from this imperfect sketch any incentive to more earnest endeavor, my effort is repaid. From men like these, from records like theirs, we learn anew that—

“Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal.”

Mr. Winslow was followed by another worthy son of Pittsfield, Mr. John King Berry, who spoke as follows:

### ADDRESS OF JOHN K. BERRY, ESQ.

*Neighbors and Friends:*

Since you have sat here for two hours, listening to these able addresses, it becomes me to speak in a lighter vein. As I have noticed Governor Tuttle conducting the ceremonies today, I have been struck with his great service in giving life and success to everything. You remember that, in addition to his own able speeches, he has given every speaker a warm introduction and good send-off. He reminds me of an experience I had when, at the head of a body of men, it became my duty to conduct the funeral of one of our number. He left a partner, whom I visited to arrange for the details of the funeral. As partners they had been in the stable business and were men of the rough and hearty kind, such as you all know so well up here. I simply asked the surviving partner to provide me a few carriages for the use of the officers of the lodge. He said, “O yes, young man. Have you got the flowers, and are you going to have some music?” to which I replied that we had everything necessary except the carriages. Then he said, “Well, young man, I think you know your business, but I want Andrew to have a good funeral, and I leave it to you to see that he has a d—d good send-off.” We gave Andrew that kind of a send-off, because he never came back, and his partner never found any fault. Now the governor



has been giving every one an equally good send-off, and we should all thank him for contributing so much to the life of this occasion.

I am called upon to represent your summer visitors, and particularly the people of Catamount. You know it was up there at Berry pond that my great-grandfather, Captain Joshua, had the first grist-mill in town, and later, a little lower down, his son Joshua had a blacksmith shop, in which the first triphammer was set up in the state; and I remember blowing the bellows in that shop. I remember also that I used to have to turn the grindstone there in haying time for old John Tilton of Tilton hill to grind his scythe. He used to bear on the heaviest of any man I ever turned for. I have just been having a pleasant chat with his sister over on the back seat there, who seems to know everybody here today.

I now have the place, with my sister, up on Catamount under the big elms, which was known to many of you as the Isaiah Berry place, formerly settled by his father, Maj. William Berry. I enjoy keeping that place for my mother and the rest of our family to come to in the summer, just as my father used to keep the place upon the same road, but a little lower down, for his parents. We love to sit up there under the trees and gaze down here into the village on you people, because we think some of you will bear watching. I always have a good time coming back here every summer, visiting the neighbors on the mountain, the Frenches, George Johnson, Uncle Sam Davis, Philester Elliott, and my cousin, Charles Berry; then there is Uncle Daniel Lang over on the east side, who has spoken most eloquently for Catamount today by sitting upon this platform,—an old gentleman, well preserved, ninety-three years old, the oldest man in town. He is a sample of our Catamount people. Why, I can remember they used to say that if a man died up on Catamount at less than seventy years old he must have been intemperate in his younger days in the use of rum or hard cider. And I can remember what pleasure my old grandfather used to take, when over eighty, in tottering down cellar and bringing up a mug of cider to any one who called upon him.

Then there are our summer friends on the mountain, who have had the good sense to take up sightly farms for summer residences. We have a nice little colony, and our families enjoy each other very much during the summer, even though we may not meet much during the rest of the year. We have a sort of committee on public works up there. There's Sproul, who has put in a fine Newport residence up by the pond. He married one of Joe Cummings's daughters, and has become greatly interested in their summer home. After I have inspected his new place I have to go up to Sanderson's and take a view; and this year it is a special view of wonderful improvements in the arrangements of his house and an especially fine bathroom, equal to that of any city residence. Another of our prominent summer residents is Mr. White of Lowell, who now owns the place originally settled by Deacon Edward Berry. He, like my mother, is a descendant of one who came over on the Mayflower, and since his ancestors were fond of traveling by water, it is most natural for him to beautify your town by converting a swamp into a beautiful lake upon which the Mayflower may sail to and fro. After I have called on Mr. White, as I come down to the village, I always stop in early at Peabody Adams's to see if he will trust me for groceries for another year, and there I generally find Lew Bunker. He and I are about of an age, although perhaps we don't look it. He generally asks me, "John, haven't you settled that case yet?" to which I reply, "Lew, haven't you died yet?" and then I tell him that I think that case will hold on as long as he lives and he says, "Well, we will try it for another year." After I get through talking with him I frequently meet Hen. Osgood somewhere on the main street, and of course you know that then the conversation generally turns on fish, and after Hen. has told me about a few of those trout which he has caught, as large as the whale that swallowed Jonah, I am glad to make my escape to the mountain to cool off, and wonder if I really ought to believe all the things I hear down in this village.

This Old Home Week celebration has been a great success

and we must have more of them. It is a time when we should get together and make up our minds to have lots of fun and a good time.

Mr. Berry's address was received with much favor, and the applause which succeeded its delivery revealed somewhat the pride which Pittsfield feels in her sons who have returned with honor to show their affection for the old home.

Eliphalet French Philbrick, Esq., of Boston was next presented to the audience, and expressed very happily the sentiments inspired by the Old Home Week idea in the address here reproduced:

#### ADDRESS OF ELIPHALET FRENCH PHILBRICK, ESQ.

*Mr. President and Friends:*

I am reminded of another introduction which took place at an Old Home Week celebration, not because of its similarity to the kind words which launched me upon this oratorical sea, but because of its dissimilarity. Up in Belknap county there is a little town which I know very well, having spent several years of my life there. The president of the Old Home Week Association is a man of good sense and sterling qualities, albeit his methods are somewhat homespun, especially when he is introducing after-dinner speakers. He set the ball rolling last year something after this fashion:

"Fellow citizens,—Mr. Charles Miller, editor of the 'New York Times,' was expected to address this meeting but he couldn't come. Now Mr. Miller is a first-class speaker and if he had come you would have heard a first-class speech. Unfortunately, he is not here, so you will have to listen to Rev. Dr. Smith of New York."

The first-class speakers of this meeting are now thinking up what they will say when called upon and you will have to listen for a few minutes to one Eliphalet F. Philbrick, formerly of Pittsfield.

I believe, Mr. President, that you gave me just five minutes in which to tell what I know about Pittsfield. It was a



MR. ELIPHALET FRENCH PHILBRICK.



wise move on your part in my opinion, and I think that the rest of you will commend your president when I am through. On account of the shortness of the time limit I shall be compelled to leave out of my talk upon the town of Pittsfield the usual references to the salubrity of its climate, the picturesqueness of its scenery, and the noble company of men and women who have gone forth from Pittsfield and, as they themselves modestly admit, have sat in the high places of the earth. I am going to be egotistical and talk about myself.

I left Pittsfield with the kind assistance of my mother at the age of four months. We left the town in style. Our coach was drawn by six horses and was driven by True Garland. Mr. Garland was the best stagecoach driver that ever drew rein over horses, and he had a record of having kissed more babies than a New Hampshire governor. He held this record up to the time of Governor Tuttle's candidacy, when it was broken.

When I was about eight years old I came back for brief periods to stay at my grandmother's house. I did not find Pittsfield the heaven upon earth which some speakers have tried to fool you into believing it to be. Instead of a peaceful valley it became for me a valley of strife. In the first place the boys of the village differed from me upon some subjects. Those differences of opinion were never referred to the courts for adjustment, but the parties litigant always had recourse to the ordeal of battle, fearing no doubt the law's delays and the uncertainty of litigation. In plain language there was a scrap right away and I usually got the worst of it. This was one reason why my early recollections of Pittsfield are unpleasant.

My grandmother, Eliza French Greene, was a woman of great force of character. If anything did not square with her ideas of right she would trim it until the edges aligned perfectly with her pattern. She had a sublime confidence in her ability to reform an evil or correct an abuse. She never got discouraged. She was not like Zephaniah and Obadiah,

a prophet of despair. She would never fold her hands and say, "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things?" She would just put a stop to the raging of the heathen, and if the people made an improper use of their imaginations she would take their imaginations away from them, to be put on the high shelf until she thought it wise to give them back to their owners. Well, my grandmother told my mother that I was badly brought up, that I didn't mind, that I answered back, and that she would attend to me. She kept her word. That is another reason why my early recollections of Pittsfield are unpleasant.

Finally, I was sent to school. I went to both the Brick school and the White school at different times, but I think that the Brick school experience is the one which will cling longest in my memory, for there I first met my fate. These words usually refer to an affair of the heart and call up visions of cherry lips and laughing eyes of sweet sixteen. It means nothing of the kind in this case. It simply means that there I was first formally introduced to Miss Ruth Leavitt. The introduction was none of my seeking. My mother led me an unwilling captive up to Miss Leavitt's desk and said that she then and there washed her hands of me. Ruth Leavitt was one of the best teachers that New Hampshire ever produced, but her sense of justice was fully developed. If a rule was broken punishment followed swift and sure. She seemed to be driven by a strong conviction of duty. She stood up before the world as a sort of female incarnation of Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms, and seemed to be saying in his immortal words, "Here I stand; I can't do otherwise; God helping me, Amen." Well, I broke some of her rules. That is another reason why my early recollections of Pittsfield are unpleasant.

So much for early recollections. My later ones are quite different. A few years ago I made a modest venture upon the somewhat stormy sea of New Hampshire politics. I had a good deal more opposition than ability and I needed friends. The Pittsfield representatives stood by me to a man, not be-







HENRY NORRIS HURD, ESQ.

cause they had any confidence that I would be an ornament to the office I was seeking, but because I was a Pittsfield boy and the town stood by its own people. It was loyalty pure and simple without any possible gain or thought of advantage to themselves. I cannot express my gratitude.

It is barely possible that my early prejudice was entirely my own fault. I think that I am willing to admit that it was due to youthful depravity and general bumptiousness. Be that as it may, at the present time the town of Pittsfield can in my opinion do no wrong, and its citizens are one and all my dear friends. Pittsfield has no more loyal son than I.

Mr. Philbrick was followed by Henry Norris Hurd, Esq., of Manchester, who paid a fine tribute to the founder of the Old Home Week anniversary and its far-reaching influence in the address which follows:

#### ADDRESS OF HENRY NORRIS HURD, ESQ.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens, and Friends in Pittsfield:*

In revisiting the home of a kinsman, who long ago departed from the active circle of your neighborhood life, and who today is remembered by the very few that by pleasing longevity still remain, there comes to me a vivid and impressive sense of the beauty and the meaning of Old Home Week. It is one of time's beneficent transitions that the individual is no longer a mere incident to his environment, and that his freedom of movement is unencumbered by a single artificial restraint; but, in the frequent and facile migrations of modern life, it is truly unfortunate as well as unfortunately true that there is a manifest tendency to become alienated from the surroundings of infancy and childhood. Migration seems to be a law of nature. It is natural and right that any person should change his dwelling-place for the purpose of improving his condition and increasing his prosperity. There is, however, a counter and reactionary tendency, which may be merely the obverse of the former impulse, and it is equally legitimate and natural. As surely as there is the tendency to go, there is likewise the ten-

dency to return. Unbidden the thoughts revert to the old times, the childhood scenes, the parental home, the bygone days; and the wandering footsteps instinctively and fondly turn to the spot that memory has cherished. We are deeply indebted to Governor Rollins for the crystallization of this sentiment,—not for its creation, because it is as old as the ages, and universal as human life itself,—and for the discernment which conceived its sensible and appropriate expression. Although not a former resident, Pittsfield has for me a deep and abiding interest because around it cluster so many traditions of my family. It has been a pleasure, and, indeed, a privilege to ride through the beautifully shaded streets, to sit beneath these noble maples, to gaze upon the hillsides clothed in summer's celestial beauty and upon the river which flows peacefully onward, a blessing and a joy.

You are fortunate today in having to dedicate this beautiful library. You are fortunate in having reared in your community a citizen, who in his single personality combined the ability and the desire to bestow so munificent a gift. You have consecrated to the service of the future an influence, inspiring, ennobling, and perennial. Every book that goes from the library is a missionary for good or evil, false or true, according to its character and contents. You all remember how grandly Milton defined a good book,—“The precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.” The influence that transforms and transfigures the life, molds the character, and shapes the destiny, not merely of the individual but of communities even, is in many instances found in some book. Somebody has called the newspaper the common school of the masses. If this is so, the public library is in a far truer sense the university of the masses. It is an ally to the church; it is a colleague of the school; and it occupies an intermediate field to a great degree independent of both. The library book frequently reaches the family that never is seen in church, and carries its lesson of life and duty to homes where the preacher's sermon is virtually unknown. It gives to the student in school, seminary, and

college access to books of reference and means of research which individual resources would rarely be able to supply. It brings to the hearts and minds of thousands their only appreciation of truth, beauty, and power in the kingdom of thought. May this substantial and appropriate gift and the memories of the givers live—

“In minds made better by their presence; live  
 In pulses stirred to generosity,  
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 For miserable aims that end with self,  
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
 And with their mild persistence urge men's search  
 To vaster issues.”

At this point the audience was called upon to unite in singing the ode written by Mrs. Mary H. Wheeler, which being set to the national air, “America,” was heartily rendered.

## ODE.

Dear home of former days,  
 Once more with loving gaze  
     Thy light we see.  
 We come from far and near,  
 Behold us gathered here  
 To sing with voices clear  
     In praise of thee!

This valley where we played,  
 These hillsides where we strayed,  
     Each ledge and rill;  
 The sounding waterfall,  
 The bridge and stone-built wall,  
 This sky o'erarching all,  
     We love them still.

The years have flown apace,  
 And time has marked the place  
     With many a change.  
 Old things have passed away,  
 Old friends are growing gray,  
 In some old homes today  
     Are faces strange.

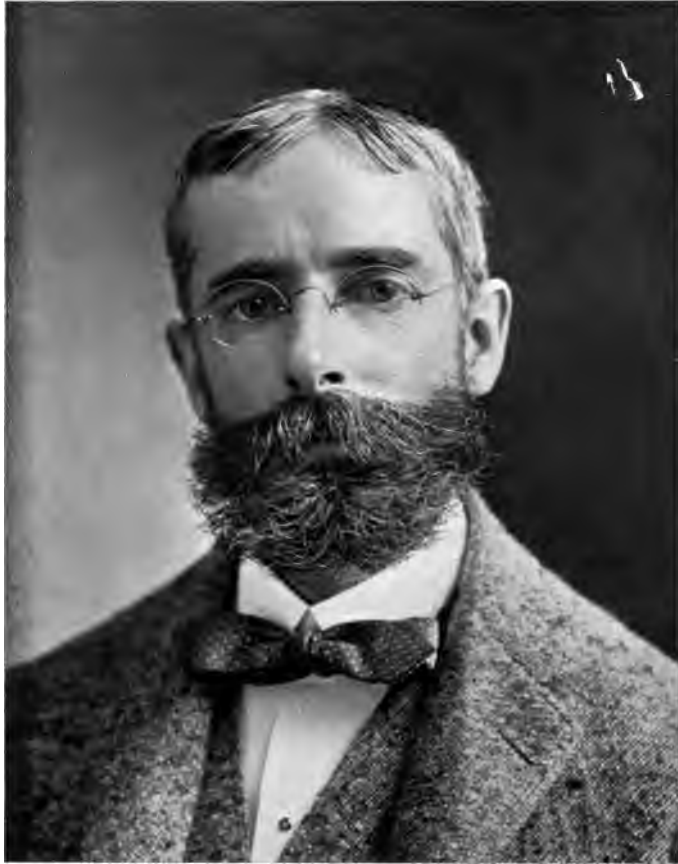
But while these hills shall last,  
And yonder stream flows past,  
    Though far we roam,  
This town so fair to sight,  
With hopes and dreams bedight,  
And lapped in memories bright,  
    Will still be Home.

Unitedly we bend,  
To God our prayers ascend  
    Through yon bright dome.  
One thought, one wish we bring,  
As we together sing,  
Till answering echoes ring  
    God bless this Home!

#### ADDRESS OF MR. A. E. SPROUL.

Mr. A. E. Sproul of Quincy was the next speaker, and, as one of the summer residents of Pittsfield, paid a graceful tribute to the spirit of the people and the delights he had experienced during his repeated seasons upon the hills overlooking the village. He expressed his great pleasure in being present and offered his hearty congratulations to the committee and the citizens generally upon the success of the Old Home Week observance. It was his fortune, he said, to have been born in Massachusetts. He could not call it his misfortune, for that would be exhibiting but a poor quality of loyalty to his native state. Nevertheless, he could truthfully say that his affection for New Hampshire was such that had he not seen the light in the old Bay State he would certainly wish to have been reared upon our own granite hills.

He complimented Pittsfield upon its scenic beauties and then went on to pay a high tribute to its people. Owing to the fact that he is never here in the winter, he had but little opportunity to see the inhabitants in their homes and in a social way; but his contact with the business men of the place



MR. A. E. SPROUL.



had caused him to respect them highly as obliging and honorable men.

Mr. Sproul next mentioned the new library. He recognized the high value of good books in a community, and expressed the hope that the library would not only be wisely administered but liberally supported. The speaker laid considerable stress upon the fact that modern fast steamers and ocean cables had so knit together the various civilized countries that the world, in these days, is really a very small place. It therefore followed that what happened in one locality was far more quick to produce an effect at a distant point than was the case a generation or two ago. Hence, the responsibility is great upon us as individuals, and as a nation, to act with wisdom and patience rather than with hostile aggressiveness toward other lands and their inhabitants.

Mr. Sproul expressed his belief that like causes will produce like results in any age. Time was when the Roman empire ruled the world,—when its place was far more dominant than that of any nation since has been, or is likely to be. Yet its power waned to nothingness and even its language has ceased to be spoken. “Let us remember,” said he, “that we are not alone citizens of one town or one state or one nation, but of the world; and in our day of power let us not forget Shakespeare’s lines, that, though ‘it is excellent to have a giant’s strength, yet it is infamous to use it like a giant.’”

Speaking once again of Pittsfield, Mr. Sproul expressed an earnest wish for its continued prosperity, and the hope that as the years pass an increasing number of visitors might be able to say, with him:

“I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills.  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.”

A solo was next sung by Mrs. Mary C. Elkins, entitled “My Old New Hampshire Home,” at the conclusion of which Mr. H. Porter Smith of Cambridge was introduced, and gave in a humorous vein what he styled a compromise speech. He said:



## ADDRESS OF H. PORTER SMITH.

*Mr. President, Mr. Carpenter, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The governor wanted me to make a compromise with him today to tell you all I didn't know about farming. Now I think the compromise I made was to tell a little story, which this scene reminds me of. When I was up in this part of the country—for I have been coming up here every summer for the last twenty years. I do not think you fully appreciate the town you live in. But now for my story.

In one of your New Hampshire towns, as I am permitted to tell, a good man died; he was called Uncle Joshua. He had a funeral, and a large number wanted to be present, but the room was very small, so small that the minister was quite near the casket. He read several chapters of the Bible; in fact, I think he read them all, but some one said that there were some chapters in the Bible that he didn't read. Then he began to talk about Uncle Joshua's career, and he talked on and on and on for an hour and a half. When he got through talking of his earthly career, and he couldn't tell them any more, he said, "Uncle Joshua has left us. Where shall we place him? Where shall we place him?"

Whereupon a good hard-headed farmer got up and said, "Parson, Uncle Joshua can have my place. I've got to go home and do the chores."

The closing song was, very appropriately, "Home, Sweet Home," which was sung by the entire assembly. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. N. Studley, and thus were concluded the delightful exercises of the afternoon.

## MEETING OF THE PITTSFIELD ACADEMY ALUMNI.

On Wednesday evening occurred the meeting of the alumni of Pittsfield Academy at the Opera House. The meeting opened with an overture by the band, followed by a selection by the chorus choir. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. W. Ricker. A very cordial welcome was given by the chairman, Dr. E. L.



REV. J. N. STUDLEY.



Carr, who gave a brief historical sketch of the first year of the academy, expressing regret that many of the records were destroyed in the fire which consumed the old Thorndike block.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The old Pittsfield Academy was built and dedicated in 1830. The original board of trustees were: James Joy, Caleb Merrill, Pittsfield; Rev. Enos George, Barnstead; Arland Carroll, John Berry, Dr. Jeremiah Blake, Rev. Caleb Clark, Pittsfield; Rev. Enoch French, Strafford; Abram French, Pittsfield; John Kelley, Northwood; James Miller, Loudon; Thomas D. Merrill, Epsom.

The first term of school began its sessions October 29, 1830. Benjamin Crane was the first principal and his brother, David Crane, was assistant. The students for the first term numbered seventeen young ladies and thirty-one young gentlemen. The roll follows:

Ladies—Panthea P. Bunker, Barnstead; Eliza E. Butters, Pittsfield; Jane Butters, Pittsfield; Mary Clark, Pittsfield; Eleanor Carroll, Pittsfield; Nancy French, Pittsfield; Hannah Jenkins, Pittsfield; Sarah Ann Joy, Pittsfield; Hannah Lane, Pittsfield; Hannah C. Lane, Stratham; Lydia Miller, Pittsfield; Caroline Merrill, Pittsfield; Louisa Page, Pittsfield; Mary Jane Wiggin, Alton; Almira White, Pittsfield; Mary A. White, Pittsfield; Mary E. White, Pittsfield.

Gentlemen.—Clark C. Brown, Chichester; Daniel S. Babb, Strafford; Nehemiah S. Berry, Pittsfield; Joshua Berry, Pittsfield; Francis B. Berry, Pittsfield; Munroe Berry, Pittsfield; Charles Butters, Pittsfield; William Butters, Pittsfield; Rowland Carroll, Pittsfield; Henry Carroll, Pittsfield; George Chesley, Barnstead; Benjamin Cram, Pittsfield; Willard Coe, Northwood; George G. A. Durrell, Loudon; Samuel Dyer, Loudon; Enos G. Flanders, Alton; Darius Frink, Newington; John French, Pittsfield; George F. George, Barnstead; Edward Hogan, Pittsfield; Jonathan Hill, Gilmanton; Richard Joy, Pittsfield; Calvin Joy, Pittsfield; Joseph Kenney, Gilmanton; James Merrill, Pittsfield; George Merrill, Pittsfield; Greenleaf

Osgood, Gilmanton; Nathaniel Osborn, Gilmanton; Hazen Pickering, Barnstead; Josiah Shepard, Gilmanton; John L. Gilman, Gilmanton.

Of the above only one, Francis B. Berry of this town, is now living, at the age of eighty-three. He was present and introduced to the audience and spoke of his pleasure at being able to be present.

An address was next given by Hon. C. A. Bunker of Peacham, Vt., as follows:

### ADDRESS OF HON. C. A. BUNKER.

*Mr. Chairman, Alumni of Pittsfield Academy, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

When your committee did me the very distinguished honor to invite me to address the alumni and friends of the old Pittsfield Academy, and gave me *carte blanche* for a subject, I was not long in deciding that the only proper text for me on this occasion would be "The Old Country Academy, with Its Handmaiden, the Lyceum." And I take this subject, not because I was once a student of this historic old school; not because I have been connected with several other schools of similar grade in New Hampshire; nor yet because my life work in Vermont has been done in these same academies; but because I thoroughly believe in these institutions; and with reason.

What is, or rather was, the clientship of these schools? Whence their patrons? From what sources, what classes, were their students? Did they come from the indolent rich? In no large numbers. Did they come from the low, vicious poor? But very few. These scholars came from the families of the ministers, lawyers, doctors, farmers, mechanics, merchants, day laborers, if you please, who constitute the great middle classes of society, and who in all lands and in every age have always done the world's work. These students were the sons and daughters of the men and women who have always, in all times, in peace and in war, furnished the bone and sinew and blood and brain of the state.



HON. C. A. BUNKER.



From such sources came the students of Pittsfield Academy. They came from Barnstead and Loudon and Chichester and Deerfield and Epsom and Northwood and Strafford and many from more distant points. They were the best blood of these localities; and by best blood I simply mean that they were ambitious youth who, looking out upon life, were impelled by an ambition to rise above their circumstances and surroundings and make the most of themselves. The multitude did not come. It was only the ambitious few. Such material makes the best students in the world.

The training which these scholars received in these schools has not been apparent alone or chiefly in the neighborhood of the schools themselves, but it is felt in all the great cities of the East as well as throughout the almost boundless West, for the best blood, the best material of the cities, is being constantly recruited from the country. Will any one dispute this proposition? Some years ago one of the newspapers of Boston made a canvass of the business houses of that city to ascertain the make-up of its business firms. The result of that canvass was something remarkable. It was found that of all the membership of the business firms at that time doing business in Boston, more than 90 per cent came from the country.

A good many years ago, in this same Athens of America, the teachers in that city—college graduates—sat down to a banquet. During the progress of that banquet the fact was developed that of all the teachers of the higher grades in Boston, but two were city-reared and but one was Boston-bred. These facts and innumerable others which might be cited prove conclusively that the best material of the large cities is being constantly derived from the country, and it is safe to say that the education and training of this element were furnished, during the last century, by just such schools as Pittsfield Academy.

Another thing that made these schools particularly efficient was the lyceum. Forty years ago a well-conducted lyceum was an indispensable adjunct to the academy. Dur-





Academy lyceum, because I had nowhere else under the sun to go. I was perfectly familiar with the routine work of the lyceum, had often presided and knew how motions were made and questions were put, and I ran that Vermont convention as nearly like the old Pittsfield Academy lyceum as two peas in a pod. I mention this incident to show that the old debating society was the most practical part of school life.

Some ten years ago it was my high privilege to attend a great historical gathering in New England. It was a great occasion. The president of the United States was there. Cabinet officers were in attendance and officers of high rank in the army graced the gathering with their presence. Two governors of sister states were to speak from the same platform for their respective states. One was the Hon. William E. Russell of Massachusetts, the petted, pampered child of fortune, the polished product of Harvard College. The other was—*another man* who never had the advantage of a college training, and all the preparation he ever received for discharging the duties of his exalted station he had acquired in the old country academy. When I saw him on that occasion, notwithstanding the proximity of the more pretentious governor of the more pretentious state, discharge the duties of his high office with an ability, with a dignity and grace that reflected the highest honor upon himself, his state, and the school that educated him, I said to myself: "This is the fruit of the old Pittsfield Academy and lyceum."

I make the assertion here tonight without fear of contradiction that the little state of Vermont, limited in area, sparse in population, containing scarcely half inhabitants enough to form one Boston, with almost no cities worthy the name of city, exercises today and has maintained for more than forty years an influence and power in practical legislation in the American senate second to no other state in the Union. I will not except even the great Empire State of New York.

Ask the biographers of Solomon Foote and Jacob Collamar, those old school senators, ask the biographer of Justin S. Morrill, the Nestor of the United States senate, ask the Hon.

George F. Edmunds, for so many years the acknowledged leader of that great body, ask Hon. Redfield Proctor, who is today one of the most trusted counselors of the present administration, what one thing more than any other has placed and kept Vermont for half a century in the very front rank of all the states in political influence in this country, and they will tell you it was the discipline her great senators received in the old county grammar schools of Vermont.

In the early years of the nineteenth century, while the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were busy on the plains of Waterloo and other crimson fields arranging the map of the eastern continent, a young boy was in attendance upon one of the academies of Vermont. In some respects he was a most unfortunate boy. He was in the lowest depths of poverty. His scoundrel father had deserted his mother, leaving a family of children with absolutely no means of support. That boy wore the cheapest, coarsest, meanest clothes. He ate the cheapest, coarsest, meanest food, and to crown all he was a cripple for life, having one club foot. But the boy was permeated through and through with a determination to rise above his unfortunate condition of life. His one controlling purpose was to become a good lawyer and a great debater. As a student he was not remarkable, but in the lyceum he was a bright particular star. *There* he stood a perfect Saul among his fellows, head and shoulders above them all. He omitted no opportunity to benefit himself in debate and in all those things which would help him to accomplish the one chosen purpose of his life. He passed through the academy, through Dartmouth College, and entered upon his profession without attracting particular attention. In 1860-61, when the black cloud of treason, rebellion, and civil war was gathering above the horizon of our national firmament, portending destruction to all our liberties and sending terror and despair to millions of stricken hearts—then, in that awful hour of a nation's agony, this poor Vermont boy found himself a leader of the house of representatives of the American congress. He had been a member of

the house since 1849, during the hottest part of the anti-slavery struggle. There he had met and drank inspiration from Webster, Clay, Calhoun, that grand triumvirate. There he had associated with Douglas and Lincoln and Seward and Blaine, that great quaternion. There he had measured swords with Stevens and Davis and Toombs and Cobb and all the leading fire-eaters of the South. He was the peer of them all and he knew it. As chairman of the ways and means committee he wielded an influence second only to the great Lincoln himself. As leader of the great finance committee he used the immense resources of the North to hurl upon the cohorts of treason and rebellion the mighty hosts of freedom until the power of the South was crushed and slavery destroyed at Appomattox.

And when the awful strife was over and the successor of Abraham Lincoln proved recreant to the great trust confided to him, this Vermonter, although now a feeble old man, did not hesitate to drag the recreant Andrew Johnson from the highest position on earth to the bar of the American senate, and there impeach him of high crimes and misdemeanors. Ask Samuel McCall of Massachusetts, his recent biographer, what one thing in particular made Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, "the Great Commoner," the mighty power that he was for so many years in national legislation, and he will tell you, if he knows the facts, that it was the discipline, the skill, the power which he acquired in the lyceum of the old country academy away back among the green hills of Vermont.

When your chairman, my old schoolmate, asked me to come here tonight and start this ball rolling, I asked him what was to be the trend of thought on this occasion, and he gave me to understand that this meeting was to be something like a Methodist meeting. There would be a good deal of "freedom" here. It might take a reminiscent turn; might be something like a soldiers' camp-fire, replete with stories of the past. Now I cannot "reminisce" worth a cent, but many things occurred while I was a lad here in school which

cause a smile even after the lapse of so many years, and most of all, my own first impressions. As a young boy, I had heard Parson George preach and attended the district school, and that was the extent of my travels. When I first struck Pittsfield Academy a new world burst upon my astonished vision. My impressions must have been much like those which pervaded the breast of Columbus when he discovered this western world. But soon, boy-like, I knew nearly every man, woman, and child in the village, and, like a boy, was mixed up in nearly everybody's mess. How intimately acquainted I was with all the business men of those days, but as I have come down from Vermont summer after summer I have seen those men's heads grow whiter and whiter and their step feebler and feebler, until tonight few know me or are known by me.

But one man whom Pittsfield has often honored, and justly, too, with the highest offices within her gift, I never forgot,—Mr. Lewis Bunker. I was attracted to him, not because of his name, but because he always knew me while a boy here in school and had a pleasant word for me. But I should always remember him from this story they used to tell of him. Mr. Bunker has long been, as you know, a popular and successful undertaker. In those days the duties of the undertaker were different from those of the present day. Then he had charge of the transportation, distribution, and setting up of the gravestones in the various cemeteries. As the story goes, he was one day taking a heavy load of gravestones over to Barnstead. He had reached that hard hill this side of the Sir Moses D. Perkins place when Dr. Wheeler came up behind him. Pretty soon Dr. Proctor came up behind Dr. Wheeler, and a little later Dr. Tenney came up behind Dr. Proctor. Reaching the top of the hill the man with the load looked round over the line of march and was struck with the ludicrousness of the situation. In the language of the twentieth century, "he was on to it in a minute." Pulling his team to one side he rose in his wagon and taking off his hat said: "Pass on, gentlemen; pass on, doctors. I will follow you. I know my proper place in this procession."



MRS. NELLIE WINSLOW SARGENT.



In the olden time Wednesday afternoon was always devoted to declamations and compositions. We had great fun on those occasions. Rhetorical exercises were always a bitter pill, but they were the best medicine a student could take, and although we always approached that day with fear and trembling, yet we would not miss it because we should lose so much fun. A large per cent of the school always aimed at something funny in their pieces, and there was no little rivalry in trying to outdo one another in raising a laugh. The climax was reached in this direction in the fall of 1856. It was the year of the Fremont campaign, and I doubt if party strife ever ran higher in New Hampshire. The school was divided into two hostile camps, Democrats and Republicans. In their declamations each side did its best to glorify its own party and candidates and throw ridicule and contempt upon their enemies. I never shall forget the delight with which I witnessed the overthrow of a boasting Goliath by a young David. That fall we had a boy in school by the name of Kenney. (Let no one think, in this connection, of a certain doctor of that name.) I think he was the most bitter political partisan that ever struck Pittsfield. He had taken that piece so familiar to all the older people, beginning, "Who shall calm the angry storm?" and had so completely changed it that it was full of laudations of the Democracy and of hits and flings upon the followers of Fremont. When his name was called Kenney marched upon the stage with the air of one who has something up his sleeve that will lay out the opposition. After he had got well under way, a young lad in the front seat was seen to rise and whisper to the professor. We afterwards learned that this was what he said: "Professor, I am a little nervous about my piece. I am afraid I shall miss. I wish you would call me next." The professor assented. Kenney came down with a gait that plainly said: "Trump that if you can, but I know you can't."

The boy called walked up slowly, deliberately, and with infinite solemnity. He made his bow and then he began to



grow embarrassed. He turned red in the face, began to stammer, and seemed upon the point of breaking down. The school was getting ready to roar, as they always meanly will on such occasions, when the lad straightened himself up, pulled himself together, and slowly, deliberately, and distinctly said:

“Yes, who shall calm the angry storm,  
Who of all the many?  
Who can this awful task perform?  
If any one, ’tis—Kenney.”

But the day of the old country academy, with its frolic and fun and hard work, is past. Pittsfield Academy is no more. I, for one, am sorry for the passing away of these old schools. I think *all* ought not to go. I believe these country academies have a stronger hold upon the hearts of the people than we are wont to believe. In the little congregation at the Parade, where I at present attend church, there are four young people who have already made arrangements to go off to distant academies this fall. I know of others who would gladly do the same if circumstances permitted.

In these remarks let no one think that I criticise Pittsfield for merging the academy into the high school. I do not. You did the best, the only thing you could do, under the circumstances. But if you had the old academy back again with a large fund so that the tuition would be a merely nominal sum, you could educate your high school scholars in the academy and would have an ideal school system. Who shall say that this dream is impossible of realization?

Alumni and friends of Pittsfield Academy! The spirit of prophecy is upon me tonight. I cherish the confident hope that somewhere in the future, whether the near or distant future I cannot see, another Josiah Carpenter will be found who, perceiving the day at hand when the “silver cord” must be “loosed,” when “the golden bowl” must “be broken,” anxiously awaiting the approach of that dread hour “when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they





MRS. MARY ABBIE BROOKS.

are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened," will look around him for material wherewith to construct a monument which shall transmit to posterity the record of his virtues and his benefactions. What more appropriate memorial of himself could he rear than to reconstruct, upon the very site of the *old*, a *new* Pittsfield Academy, fitted and furnished with all the best educational appliances, presided over by a corps of able, cultured, skillful teachers, and supported by a fund of from one hundred thousand to a quarter of a million dollars? In these days of rapidly accumulated and enormous fortunes, such an institution is not outside the possibilities. How much more indestructible would such a monument to a man's memory be than granite or marble or "breathing brass"!

The following poem, written by Mrs. Mary Abbie Brooks, was then read by Mrs. Nellie Winslow Sargent:

### SCHOOL DAYS.

Pupils of Pittsfield's old academy, I bring you  
 A message from the Past, reverse the rule,  
 Turn backward time, until as youth and maiden,  
 We reach the years of—"when we went to school."  
 Today has Pittsfield, flinging wide her portals,  
 Welcomed her children, and tonight we take  
 An hour to pledge, in kindest sort of fashion,  
 Old friendships new, for "auld acquaintance" sake.  
 Old times, old scenes, old—no; we're not old people!  
 ('Twas but a natural slipping of the tongue.)  
 Tonight once more in fancy we're transported,  
 And heart, and hope, and life, and we—are young.  
 Again we take the road to school, that leads us  
 By old familiar ways and turnings where,  
 Across the yard, like sentinel on duty,  
 The old academy stands grim and bare.  
 Once more we walk its aisles, again we're students,  
 'Tis class time, are we ready to recite?  
 What have we learned of all life's many lessons,  
 What lingers clearest in our minds tonight?

At least we've gained a fond appreciation  
Of that old school time; in a thousand ways  
We've learned its value, since adown the distance  
Vanished the vision of those happy days.

Pupils and teachers, how they throng upon us,  
Marshaled by Mem'ry! How old scenes come back!  
Comrades, companions, those who journeyed with us  
Up the steep incline of grave Wisdom's track!

Pupils and teachers, too, alas! whose footsteps  
From life's great highway have been led aside,  
To whom no greeting carries through the silence,  
No clasp of hand across the "Great Divide."

Yet loved and well remembered, like the fragrance  
Crushed from sweet flowers shut safe between the leaves  
Of some dear book, the thought of them comes o'er us,  
To bless, e'en while it saddens and bereaves.

School days! whate'er the heritage time leaves us,  
Can aught be like them, gay and glad and free?  
Forever past, and yet with us forever,  
A part of all we are or hope to be.

At the conclusion there was rendered a selection by the chorus. We present next in order the address of Prof. C. E. Sargent of New Haven, Conn., as follows:

### ADDRESS OF PROF. CHARLES E. SARGENT.

While my heart is full of the sentiments appropriate to this occasion, there are circumstances of a personal character which tend to dry up the fountains of enthusiasm, making it impossible for me to enter into the festivities of the hour, and giving to the whole affair of this Old Home Week, in spite of my best resolutions, a sense of unreality, like the far-off sound of bells in a dream. Perhaps it is the spiritual echo of that old academy bell sounding in my waking dream the knell of ambition's hope. In the shadow of life's disaster my spirit, like Hiawatha's, fain would pay its long and silent tribute, and costly in terms of my personal feelings is even this slight effort of standing up to be counted, having, of course, only a numerical significance, as a representative of that venerable institution whose memory we all revere.



PROF. CHAS. E. SARGENT.



To my mind this week is the most significant occasion in all the history of Pittsfield. Never, I believe, was an occasion more weighted with the destiny of a town. The fact of uniting in dedicatory and commemorative celebration the two greatest institutions of the town, the public library and the academy, has a profound and, I believe, prophetic meaning. It seems that Pittsfield is about to enter upon a career of intellectual and social development that may yet make her the cultural metropolis of New Hampshire. It means that she is to give up, for a time at least, the vain struggle for industrial supremacy, and turn her hand to the manipulation of the intellectual and moral forces of life. It is only in the wake of these that true, safe, and enduring industrial prosperity can come to a people. These silent and unseen forces in the world of human intellect are mightier than those that drag the trains of commerce through the smoking archways of great cities; mightier than the geologic forces that upheave the mountains and rock the continents; mightier than gravitation's pull that gives old ocean's tidal swing, and holds within its iron grip, Orion and the Pleiades. Mightier than all these are the forces that have integrated and uplifted mankind; that have bridged, with beams of light, the moral chasm that yawns between the night of ages and the opening glory of our century's morning. The power to manipulate these forces lies not alone in vast aggregates of mankind in the crises of history, but the throttle of the mighty engine lies within the reach of every hamlet and every individual.

I would not seem extravagant. I do not mean that Pittsfield can exert a controlling influence over the great world movements of thought and action. Such a claim would be absurd. But to take part in and stand abreast with those movements is grander than to control them. To lift a small portion of humanity to a moral level above the horizon plane of the great mass is a mightier act than the founding of a nation. To make the moral tone of a small town so lofty and pure, and its intellectual atmosphere so luminous with high thoughts and purposes that the field glasses of culture are



turned upon her from afar, is an act weightier in the balance of God than the arbitration of national disputes. To conquer the frivolities of life; to rise into the sphere of intellectual passion, where to be enamoured of truth compasses life's end and purpose, where wealth and station, power and honor fade into utter insignificance in the presence of a scientific generalization; to induce in a single soul this divine outflowing, this intellectual rebirth; to kneel with him in the sanctuary of science; to teach him this art of life, this end of all existence; to clothe him with this chartered right to enter heaven in the livery of earth,—is an achievement that may find behind the balance sheets of heaven a larger credit than will the deeds of Cæsar and Napoleon.

“Till the stars melted in the flush of morn,  
The old astrologer knelt moveless there,  
Ravished past pain with the bewildering spheres.”

Make the town a residential paradise; make it the indispensable complement of city residence. This is not beyond your financial means, for God has already done the largest part of the work. It is only to a limited extent a matter of taxation. It is not wholly a corporate question, but largely one of individual life and motive. It is hoped that this new wave of life, this renaissance of intellectual and moral inspiration that has come to our town, will not pass till other noble souls have followed the example of him whose name we immortalize today, above our sacred archway of truth and knowledge. Let the physical illumination of this week be symbolic of a moral illumination from the kindling fires of culture and intellectual life in the town; let those fires illumine the sky till Boston sees the glory in the halo of the mountain, and then your industrial development will take care of itself. Wealth and power will knock at your gates, and from your mountain side a thousand palace windows will scatter the glint of sunset.

The people of the cities are now seeking as summer residences, not the wilderness and the primeval grandeur divorced from all human life, but rather the pure physical air mixed

with an atmosphere of intellectual refinement and the amenities of social life. One of the most marked tendencies of recent years, in this respect, is the tendency of cultured people to spend their summers in those beautiful inland towns, to which philanthropic wealth, as in your case, has donated cultural institutions beyond the means of such towns.

Raise the standard of the old academy and make it the foremost one in the United States. To do this it would be necessary only slightly to surpass Phillips Academy of Exeter. This does not mean heavy endowment and costly additional buildings before the experiment has succeeded. It means *now* a sheet of paper and a pen. It means the drawing up of a curriculum more severe and advanced, more nearly abreast with the march of modern thought than that of Phillips Academy. It means, to be sure, the employment of a *three-thousand-dollar* principal, and the leaving of the matter in his hands without depressing criticism and meddling gossip. The fame of such a school would shortly bring in half that sum in tuition fees from outside pupils. By some such method as this you might perhaps sometime avoid unpleasant legal entanglements. When an academy of the old type becomes a modern high school, retaining none of its former characteristics, it becomes difficult, for mere legal purposes, to call it anything but a high school. The safest way is to *make* it something else. Let it be understood that it fits boys and girls for Yale and Harvard *one year in advance*. This would bring in scores of those who wish to "make a record" in college, and as many more of those not intending to go to college, but who, for that very reason, desire a more perfect fit.

The uncompromising determination of Pittsfield to make such an institution out of the academy would advertise the town throughout the country. Outside the few great commercial centers, there is no factor in our civilization that exerts so powerful an influence on the distribution of population as the character of the schools. By those who contemplate residence in a new town there is no question asked with such searching inquisition as that relating to the schools. The

institutions of New Haven, Conn., hold a hundred thousand people enthralled in a malarial swamp, from which a larger part of them would flee as from a pestilence were it not for the fact that the city is one of the world centers of book and thought and educational appliance.

Phillips Academy has become the institution of wealth and exclusive aristocracy. Make Pittsfield Academy the democratic Phillips, and it will fill a place not filled by any other institution in the country. As an advertisement of the town, as an attraction to the best people of the country, such an institution would be worth more than a million dollars prematurely invested in manufacturing.

I say *prematurely* invested, for I wish to re-emphasize, as my central thought, the doctrine that industrial development is the natural sequel to intellectual and moral development. Industry is the material expression of the expanded life that grows out of intellectual and moral awakening. It is the application of intellect to the satisfaction of the increasing wants that spring from a widening and deepening life. When a town is intellectually and morally fit for industrial development; when it can stand the moral strain of it, then is the time to invite it. But are you sure that Pittsfield is ready for such development? Are there no warning tremors through her moral frame? Can she assimilate into her own moral flesh and blood the uncleanly throng that holds high revel at the birth of a manufacturing city? Are you quite certain that Pittsfield, after her brief period of industrial development, was not wisely sent back again to the foot of the class to learn more thoroughly life's great lesson: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you"? That injunction covers a wider moral area than the religious life of the individual. The intellectual forces of the world, as well as the spiritual, belong to the kingdom of God. They constitute one of the two great branches of that kingdom. The church and the schoolhouse are its outward symbols. These represent the dual instrument of human evolution. Neither part of this double instrument can

be successfully used alone. Pittsfield has faithfully tried to use the church side, but never adequately the intellectual, the educational, the cultural side. For this reason, God bless the donor of the library! Perchance he has "built better than he knew." He has given you something more than a structure of brick and mortar. He has given you the complement of the church in Pittsfield.

In conclusion, let me say, sacred be the name and the memory of Pittsfield Academy, and especially of him whose name was its synonym, who stood so long, so manfully, and so effectively at its helm—Daniel K. Foster. It was he who planted in my mind the seed which, though long in growing, has at last outflowered and borne magnificent fruit, in the form of a hopeful though bewildering discovery that I am nothing.

Letters from absent members of the alumni were presented by F. E. Randall as follows:

#### LETTERS FROM ABSENT MEMBERS OF ALUMNI.

SHENANDOAH, IOWA, July 22, 1901.

##### *To the Committee on Invitations:*

Your invitation to me to be present at the reunion of the alumni of Pittsfield Academy on the evening of August 21 was duly received. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be present on that occasion, and to see and hear from the student comrades of nearly half a century ago, but circumstances do not permit me to come this year.

The student life of the '50's there comes back to me in memory with pleasure and a good deal of satisfaction. One thing is sure,—the most of us went there to study rather than to spend money; in fact, we had none to spend.

During all my course at the academy I hired a room and "boarded myself," as we called it; but well-filled baskets of food came regularly from the old farm home on Pleasant street, Loudon Center. I occupied rooms at different terms in the home of a Mr. Sanborn, at the home of Thomas Mar-

shall, and at the home of Stephen Ring. One of my room-mates was J. O. Sanborn, still an active and honored teacher in Hingham, Mass. Room rent was reasonable, life was happy, and the privilege of going away to school at the academy was prized. We looked forward with much interest to the day when the term would open, and read the circulars regularly issued by the academy board, giving name of principal, date of opening, and the tuition rates for "Common English," "Higher," and "Classical" departments.

I wish here to add my tribute of respect and gratitude to the hard-working fathers and mothers of that generation who spared us from the needed work on the farm that we might get a little taste of learning not furnished by the district school. I think they builded better than they knew, and were laying foundations on which an unlooked-for structure has in many cases arisen. They toiled on while we were at school. They were satisfied and happy if we were using well the privileges we had for a season granted to us. When examination day came our successes were their joy, and the little foundation we had laid in one term became the reason for more sacrifice that we might attend the academy another term. And so it came to pass that the farmers' families furnished a large proportion of the students of the institution, and a new generation with a broader culture was being educated for the wider fields opening up to them. Green be the memory of the fathers and mothers of that former generation!

Good instruction and solid study marked the work of the institution during my stay there, and my judgment is that the New England academy filled a place in education that cannot be overestimated. My first principal was Dyer H. Sanborn, then one of the most noted teachers of New Hampshire, and the author of a grammar, in the teaching of which he was unsurpassed. He also taught us geography from outline maps, from which we recited in concert, giving all rivers, mountains, capes, capitals, and other names, with one of our class pointing out the locations as we recited together.

Our lessons were taken from a geographical manual of which he was the author, and I confess that my chief knowledge of locations came from that system, and I used it myself later on. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Quimby, who was both principal of the academy and pastor of a church. These teachers and their assistants took an interest in the students and gave us good instruction.

The cream of the country students came from the four points of the compass to those honored halls of learning, and a spirit of true emulation and a desire to learn marked all our history there. Some were fitting to be better farmers, others for merchants, some for old Dartmouth, others for a shorter cut to success, but all for more useful careers. One of my schoolmates of those years became one of the most noted writers of books of travel that our land has produced,—Thomas W. Knox. Another, whom I need not name, became an honored governor of the old Granite State. Others have held distinguished positions as merchants, doctors, lawyers, and teachers.

However it may be now, then the lyceum was at its height, and to be able to speak in public was an attainment prized and honored, and the old academy hall could tell many a story of eloquence and argumentation. We also declaimed regularly as a part of the academy work, and thus acquired somewhat of confidence, which proved a valuable acquisition in subsequent years when we had views of our own to present to the public.

The academy was not a merely local affair. Students came from all the region round about—from Chichester, Loudon, Barnstead, Epsom, Deerfield, Strafford, Boscawen, Hopkinton, and other towns. By reason of these associations I was led to teach a winter term of school in Deerfield and in Strafford. The influence upon one another of these students coming from places thus far apart was of an inspiring and uplifting nature. Character and scholarship rated higher than fine clothes and a well-filled purse.

Rev. J. A. Hood and Rev. Silas Curtis were on the academy board at that time. I often heard them preach, though

many of us who boarded ourselves went home over Sunday to get a "square meal" and bring back a table supply for the week to come. I recall the names of many citizens of Pittsfield, now passed away, upon whom we boys looked with due respect, such as John Berry, R. L. French, John L. Thorndike, Squire Emerson, and the old stage driver, True Garland.

And so the days of school life there passed away, and we, term after term, kept going forth to become factors in the business, professional, and educational life of our land. Bright and fruit-producing periods of life to us were the old academy days. We do not forget what we owe to the ancient school, and we send back only tokens of good will and grateful acknowledgments of the debt we owe for her gifts to us.

May the reunion of 1901 be marked with joy, gratitude, and hope by all who belong to the hundreds who have gone forth from her halls.

Regretting that I am unable to be with you, I am

Very truly yours,

A. S. LAKE.

DECATUR, ILL., August 13, 1901.

*To the Invitation Committee:*

I have delayed a reply to your kind invitation to the reunion until now, hoping I might be able to join you. I find that I must deny myself the pleasure of renewing old acquaintances, of sharing the happiness which the occasion will be sure to afford, but I send my best wishes to all the sons and daughters of Pittsfield who may be there.

No son of Pittsfield, wherever found, will fail to recall with pleasure the land and the people of which he is a part or to wish for all the best that comes or is sent to the deserving. Let me beg of you to keep alive, to cherish, the ideal civilization that was first planted in your midst. Do not allow the love of learning to languish. Do not forget the high morality of the founders of our state, the sturdy devotion to truth and honor that shaped their lives.

The care of the shrine is yours. Let your children be taught to preserve it as you have kept it.

I am truly yours,

JOHN N. RANDALL.

Reminiscent remarks were made by Prof. William Hodgdon, Prof. Jacob S. Sanborn, Dr. Leander Young, and Nathan Chase. A pleasant social reunion was held at the close of the public exercises. The renewing of old friendships made the occasion one of rare pleasure, long to be remembered, with the desire expressed by many that this might be the first of many reunions.

With the breaking up of this social gathering the celebration of Old Home Week reached its concluding period. It was in every respect successful, all of the most minute details being executed in the most orderly and harmonious manner. The memory of its pleasant hours will long remain, and may these annals give to each reminiscent thought a new and ever-increasing delight.

## RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF ADMINISTRATION OF THE OLD HOME WEEK ASSOCIATION AT A MEETING HOLDEN SEPTEMBER 23, 1901.

WHEREAS, The observance of Old Home Week on the part of the citizens of Pittsfield was attended by such excellent results, and its exercises were of so gratifying a character, and so well calculated to give pleasure to all who were permitted to share in the enjoyments of the occasion; and

WHEREAS, From the inception to conclusion, the symmetry of the grand and pleasing program and the careful management of every detail were so carefully supervised by the faithful secretary of the board, Rev. George E. Lovejoy; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Board of Administration and, through them, the thanks of the citizens of Pittsfield be conveyed to the secretary, Mr. Lovejoy, for the untiring energy and earnestness which marked his official action on all occasions; for the great sacrifice of valuable time, so generously furnished without compensation; and for his supplementary interest and services in preparing and compiling, as



chairman of a committee, the material required for the publication of a volume to be called "The Annals of Old Home Week."

*Resolved*, That as a sign of our appreciation of the many and valuable services of Mr. Lovejoy, as secretary of the board, these resolutions be printed in "The Annals of Old Home Week," and thus made a matter of permanent record.

(Signed) HIRAM A. TUTTLE,

*President, for the Board of Administration.*

PITTSFIELD, N. H., September 23, 1901.







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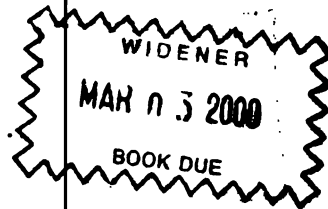




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